

Leonid Andreyev

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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Fall Announcement Number

LEONID ANDREYEV: 1871-1919	Eugene M. Kayden	425
To Li T'ai Po. <i>Verse</i>	Maxwell Bodenheimer	428
MAXIMALISTS AND MINIMALISTS IN ITALY	Arthur Livingston	429
THE ROARING FORTIES	Joseph Hergesheimer	431
OUR UNIQUE HUMORIST—ARTEMUS WARD	P. H. Belknap	433
THE ABYSS OF THE PEOPLE	Geroid Robinson	435
THE REMAKING OF A MIND	George Donlin	438
FREEDOM AND THE GRACE OF GOD	Babette Deutsch	441
To TIMARION. <i>Verse</i>	M. L. C. Pickthall	442
THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW		443
CASUAL COMMENT		445
COMMUNICATIONS: Conrad Aiken is Questioned.—And Replies.—Education and Esthetics in Art Museums.		447
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS: Jeremy.—Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War.—Pink Roses.—The Call of the Soil.—Sonia Married.—A Book of Princeton Verse: II, 1919.—Dr. Jonathan.—Small Things.—Body and Raiment.—The Silver Age.—Education and Aristocracy in Russia.—Main Currents of Spanish Literature.—Cervantes.		448
FALL ANNOUNCEMENT LIST		453
A LIST OF BOOKS FOR CHILDREN		460
BOOKS OF THE FORTNIGHT		460

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Leonid Andreyev: 1871-1919

BETWEEN THE TWO REVOLUTIONS of 1905 and 1917 Leonid Andreyev was without a doubt the foremost writer in Russia. His name was always spoken with veneration, in mysterious whispers, as a grim portentous magician who descended into the ultimate depths of the nether side of life and fathomed the beauty and tragedy of the struggle. Leonid Nickolayevich was born in the province of Oryol, in 1871, and studied law at the University of Moscow. Those were days of suffering and starvation; he gazed into the abyss of sorrow and despair. In January 1894 he made an unsuccessful attempt to kill himself by shooting, and then was forced by the authorities to severe penitence, which augmented the natural morbidness of his temperament. As a lawyer his career was short-lived, and he soon abandoned it for literature, beginning as a police-court reporter on the Moscow Courier. In 1902 he published the short story *In the Fog*, which for the first time brought him universal recognition. He was imprisoned during the revolution of 1905, together with Maxim Gorky, on political charges. Such are the few significant details of his personal life, for the true Andreyev is entirely in his stories and plays.

Andreyev belongs to that great fellowship of Russian authors who did not accept the scientific advance of the century with its unquestioning ambition and belief in the saving grace of mere action and work. An unflinching realist seeking truth with a terrible zeal, he divested things of their good nature and gloss, and his chosen themes were the failure of the cultured man in the face of all-pervading coarseness, and the moral decay of middle-class correctness and order. At first he told himself that it was best to live without theories and misgivings, and unheeding joy seemed the solution, which he expressed in *There Was*, *In Springtime*, *On the River*, *A Present*, *Holiday*, and others. "Neither truth nor falsehood will conquer," he then wrote; "only that will conquer which is in complete consonance with the foundation of life itself." But aloofness was foreign to his nature, and the themes which won undiminished ascendancy in his writings were the problems of man's solitude in

the midst of conventional social life, his loneliness before inexplicable fate, and his eager yearning for human solidarity, for a moral—not economic—bond in human existence. In the everyday kingdom of mere things, in contact with our joyless existence and the adamant wall of social customs and falsehoods, he saw nothing but confusion, madness, death. Not life itself was terrible, but its debasement to meaner ends, our fierce absorption in inconsequential aims and activities, and the employment of intelligence in works that negate civilization, although presumptuously and solemnly undertaken to ameliorate and save. It was man's haughty belief in his power to be master of his fate, and of the dark mysterious forces compassing our life, that was the cause of confusion and madness. "Pride of intellect, in the face of endless time and space, only increases man's desolation and makes his ruin certain. Andreyev's lone-faring man saw reason overtopping itself, sufficiency and philistinism making a cursed waste of life where dreams of excellence are squandered in sin's distress, and his existence tended to withdraw from external activity and achievement deeper into the silences of mental life; in the place of ambition, action, love, we have the tragedy of the intellect and the sufferings of lonely thought. This was the tragedy of his Dr. Kerzhentsev, who wanted by his intellect and will alone to span the abyss of doubt, committing a crime in the name of culture. It is no less the tragedy of the gray little average man who revolts against the idea that he has no other destiny than to be a means of "general" happiness, a "social manure." Sergey Petrovich would not enslave nor be enslaved, and so he dies, following the pitiless injunction of Zarathustra, "If thy life is not successful, if a venomous worm is gnawing at thy heart, know that death will succeed."

A pessimist? True. But Andreyev does not end with pessimism. He was not the brilliant author toying with his changeful moods and fancies, but a fiery soul gripped by the world's sorrow, and seeing visions of new worlds and beauty. By temperament a man of combat, he yearned for a wider heaven and real people. Denying life he yet

vibrates with love and sorrow of life, convinced that life is great, invincible. Refuting life, he believes in the symbol. The dying will thirsts for the impossible, looking for the miracle in the order of gloom and bestiality. Before the impenetrable Wall, against which are piled the dead of generations and ages, it is the leper who cries: "Let it stand. But is not each corpse a step to the summit? We are many, and our life is burdensome. Let us cover the earth with our bodies, body on body, and we shall reach the very summit. And if one of us should remain—he will behold the new world." Here was faith within fear and confusion, a bugle call to action for the sake of one short shuddering step to the Unseen, to the doorway of the new life; here was a sufficient answer to the question why struggle and die. Young revolutionary Russia heard the call. The mysticism which Andreyev accepted was not the comfort of an undisturbed faith, but a mysticism born out of great combat and striving, a mysticism of belief and asseveration. No wonder then that with the revolution of 1905 the cordial swiftness of Andreyev's art and his infinite love for the thwarted hopes and agonies of his people had completely captivated the imagination and the deep worship of his compatriots. No pessimist could have produced in rapid succession the individual and social dramas which followed after 1905: *To the Stars*, *Savva*, *King Hunger*, *Life of Man*, and *Anathema*. In these Andreyev reached the acme of his poetic utterance.

The light which was breaking through the gloom and confusion of Andreyev's early work was the conception of man as the son of eternity, a citizen of countless worlds, a sun-snarer. "Earth is wax in man's hands," cries the dreamy worker Treitch, in *To the Stars*, who would light a new sun with his own blood if the old were to go out. What if the noble and the beautiful spirits, like the student Nicholas, perish in the struggle? Man knows no death; the earth is full with his perfume. Treitch understands the old father astronomer who dreams of untriangulated stars and "the mystery of things above us" where he discerns the birth of unknown friends "seven hundred years from now." Earth and sky join hands, revolutionist and astronomer are equally seekers through the dusk of struggle and failure for the living spark, to get where life begins anew. And the astronomer sends Marie to die as Nicholas died, and he promises her immortality. To the stars! Work and combat on earth in the name of a wonderful dream.

The revolutionary character unfolds itself fully in *Savva*, the man who could not forgive all those who turned the world into "a cesspool, a slaughter-

house." Savva came to sweep away the civilization of centuries and clear the way for great deeds, to give thought its wings. "It is necessary to strip the earth naked, Lippa," he cries to his sister; "to strip away all the hideous old rags! Earth is worthy of a royal mantle, but what have they done with her? She is dressed in coarse fustian, in prisoner's rags." He would sweep away all the past, all that imprisons man within the iron round of things already accomplished. Only the brave will remain, only those who will build up a new life, new beauty. Savva burns with a beautiful passion and a mad love for an ideal. He, too, is lonely; he loves only the society of children. But he too must perish, for life is a continuous process, and humanity an old man, refusing to be compounded and rebuilt to the linear utopianism of the dreamer and theorist, come out of the silence with his ideal to be foisted on unregenerate society. Old Kondraty thinks that man is sly, that he would hide and save something of the old order and then backslide into his former ways. With his sister Lippa, Andreyev cannot forget the unfortunate victims: "No, Savva, you don't love anyone. You love only yourself and your dreams. He who loves men will not take away from them all they love. He will not regard his own wishes more than their lives. Destroy everything! Destroy Golgotha? Consider: destroy Golgotha! The brightest, the most glorious hope that ever was on earth! All right, you don't believe in Christ. But if you have a single drop of nobility in your nature, you must respect and honor His noble memory. He also was unhappy. He was crucified—crucified, Savva! You are silent?"

Andreyev cannot forget the individual "speck of dust," our common brother who is demanded as a sacrifice to brotherhood. He tells many stories of the life of the ordinary "gray" men, souls lost and bewildered, and yet dreaming of excellence. He cannot reconcile himself to man doomed to nothing. In *Life of Man* we see him suffering for this gray man of the crowd. He chooses common incidents—poverty, heedless pleasures of youth, ambition, rise to wealth, family happiness, dreams of home and big fireplaces, comfort at maturity, the loss of the only son, and man's bewilderment before misfortune and unknown fate. Imperceptibly we begin to understand that the tragedy of the modern individualist consists in his failure to relate himself organically with the plangent life about him, to establish an immediate bond between himself and the larger social life, in the absence of which personal achievement hangs like a pall that shrouds dullness and vacancy.

But though the soul is lost, and the sick beast defiles man, he is reaching out for indissoluble truth. This is the eternal ageless reality so significant to Andrejev, for it is a power which flouts deformity and laughs at failure. This common concrete circumstance Andrejev traces out divinely on the walls of man's thought. He pursues this fateful idea of man thinking himself the center of the universe, demanding happiness and reason, while life goes on heedless of man's desires and sufferings, until he creates the symbols Anathema and King Hunger, spirits which at once despise and love man, suffering for him, betraying him, and striving to cast the chaos of life into some mold of rational conscious will. Anathema is modern and original. Not Milton's reason rising against God, nor Byron's fallen spirit of romantic daring and protest, nor the cold, calculating, disdainful spirit of Goethe's creation; Anathema is "gray," cautious and bold, lying and yet truthful, ambitious, loving work and fame, seeking justice and eternity. He is the "devil" of an oppressed and enslaved industrial people; self-confident reason struggling towards happiness and truth. Anathema is in science only—in numbers, weight, and measure; in a word, a modern parvenu. He would prove to the Guardian at the Gate in heaven that misery is eternal, man worthless, and compassion futile. The poor Jew David should be the test. Anathema brings millions to David, and David goes forth to give joy to all men. The masses come to him "like four oceans of tears," he gives them everything until he is poor again, and when he is powerless to satisfy the unending poverty of the earth, he would try a miracle—only to give them happiness. He deceives their hopes and expectations, and David, who was ready to squeeze his heart "like a sponge between the millstones of his palms," perishes at their hands. Love and compassion end in hatred and death. But in spite of the great evil done, the Guardian at the Gate affirms the deathlessness of love. David is immortal. "He lives in the immortality of fire which is life." Anathema, who is numbers and measures, cannot understand. A tragic solution this—the failure and the immortality of David. But is Andrejev wrong? Has love ever vanquished by mere giving of wealth away? Has Christianity won by the mere surrendering of the two coats? David was only a philanthropist, a poor man after all. Love does not bind men this way, and money charity does not make society one and organic. Riches only stirred in David the fear of death whom he waited as a friend when he was poor. David has no essential beauty. Nevertheless this moral outgoing of man, spanning the

chasm between self and the world, is precious. Truth saves mankind. Truth is immortal in David, in man's emotional yearning for man, but truth must perish in Anathema, who is numbers and measures.

King Hunger appeared at a moment of universal desperation when the defeat of the revolutionary movement produced a state of chaos in the life and literature of Russia. Andrejev seized the spirit of the desperate condition of the struggle, the tragic spirit of rebellion among the peasants, and the monstrosity of a spiritually barren class in a position of power. The dramatic pictures of King Hunger reveal the masterful broad strokes of a great artist's brush. We feel the presence of Stygian shadows; they waver, fading into transparent colossal shapes, incomprehensible and gruesome as the figures of Time, Death, and King Hunger. We hear earth groaning, we hear the weeping of her children. The despotic power of the machine crushes the life and blood of the earth and her fair children. Time is waiting for man to grow indignant and to revolt. King Hunger knows that nature is gathering her gigantic force to hurl into oblivion the whole burden of false, man-destroying culture, its shames and lies, and the arrogance of privilege. This releasing force is both the revolution and the inauguration of the new world. Not unlike destiny, playing with social forces, King Hunger is dual in nature. He is lackey and leader. He fawns on the rich, their pride and over-confidence in perpetuating themselves in power; he instigates the underworld of thieves, paupers, strumpets—the legitimate counterpart of the mercantile order—to murder, violence, and destruction. Among the laborers, in the factory, he appears as leader. He sees their unceasing toil without beginning or end, he hears their demands for joy and life, he feels the reserve power of great spirits and their inarticulate cries, and he calls them to revolt. "Let us give back to man his might and beauty! Let's fling him again into the torrent of infinite motion!" Man must cease to be the thrall of the machine. Only free man can live in joy of life; only such can love; only love proclaims itself in pure artistic impulses and creative thought.

Into this fantastic struggle of social forces Andrejev projected the dark mood of *The Girl in Black*. She represents the best and noblest instincts of the ruling classes, who, confronted with a dreadful social overthrow, and exhausted under the pressure of historic evolution, blindly strive to live with their backward faith. She cannot merge herself with the hopes and struggles of the masses, her princely offering of sympathy is spurned, but she would not

"laugh at the fallen." The cruelty and cynicism of her class exasperate her. She feels that their greed and malice have produced delusions and monsters. Moving in a class which can no longer fight for its power as an ideal, she can only advise them "to meet death dancing," to die beautifully. She knows that the growing solidarity of the toiling masses will end all passive submission to the myth of authority. Her mood of defeat seizes the ruling class on the night of the great revolt, when hope rebounds on the barricades and the prophecy of Cassandra rings in the air. They can only see "shaggy, half-naked monsters" in revolt, slaying women and children, burning libraries and art galleries. She and her class can only hear voices roaring revenge and poison. Deceived by the immediate utterances of indignation, blind to the deeper and nobler instincts demanding a worthy share in the joys of life whose physical sustenance shall no longer exhaust man's forces in weary service, she and her class mistake the true nature of the great upheaval. But—"I am not Stephano, but a cramp." She and her class are the "cramp" of the social revolution.

The revolt is drowned in blood. The devourers of the people triumph. But is there not another King, not King Hunger? In the factory scene, one workingman demands sternly, "To go to freedom over violence?" He believes in another King, but does not know his name. He is young and daring, consumptive, and thinks that a new world will blossom on his blood. The picture of collective man at work, creating, is not found in Andreyev: he lacked enthusiasm and the strength of a soul

willing to give itself to those who blunderingly but earnestly labor for a larger life. Andreyev was not the man to reveal the subterranean ideas and passions generating within life itself. He was never the *conscience* of Russia, with lips touched by divine living fire, as Tolstoy was, but the *mood* of Russia, falling and rising with the dreams and hopes of the struggle.

In 1905 the revolt was blind and elemental, and apparently without constructive force. It was a trial of strength. But the young consumptive workingman, and Andreyev's mood, look forward to a King yet to come. They have faith in the final victory; they feel that the human race, like Chekhov's Cherry-Tree Garden, though blasted for a while, will bloom again in the end. The powers of evil will die, poisoned by their own crimes and greed. A new order will be born. The workingmen of Andreyev are different from Hauptmann's weavers; they do not demolish machines, cut belts, quench boilers. They have no hatred of persons and machines. Hunger leads them to collective solidarity and consciousness. Mutilated and decimated, they will conquer in the end, rising on their dead selves, from the tears and sweat and blood of the torment. The dead field, of the last scene, strewn with the bodies of the perished and slain, the field on which the victors laugh and jeer at the fallen, breathes lasting defiance and resistance. A thousand-strong murmur rises on the dead field, the voice of the united armies of labor: "We shall yet come! We shall yet come! Woe to the victorials!" And the victors run. The dead are rising.

EUGENE M. KAYDEN.

To Li T'ai Po

They are writing poems to you:
White devils who have not
Smeared the distant yellow of your life
Upon their skins.
Faces where snob and harlequin
Ogle each other in two, cold colors,
White and red;
Faces where middle age
Sits, tearing a last gardenia;
Faces continually cracked
By the brittle larceny of age;
Faces where emotions
Stand disarmed within a calm mirage;
These faces bend over paper
And steal from you a little silver and red
So that their lives may seem to bleed
Under the prick of a flashing need.

The old and tired smile
Of one who spies too much within himself
To spare the effort of a halting frown,
Brushed its scepter over your face.
You gave kind eyes to your hope,
Desiring it to grope unfearing
Underneath the toppling mountain-tops.
The wine you drank was a lake
In which you splashed and found a vigor;
The wine you drank was void of taste.
Your yellow skin resembled
A balanced docility
Smiling at all things—even at itself—
Li T'ai Po.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Maximalists and Minimalists in Italy

BY THE VOTE TAKEN at the closing of the congress at Bologna on October 10, the Italian Socialist Party passes to the extreme left. On the resolutions drawn respectively by the right and the left the show of hands was overwhelmingly in favor of the latter. In view of this, the minority factions consented to intervene in the executive committee only in a consultative fashion, leaving unanimous control to the sovietist elements. On the question of participation in the imminent elections, three groups developed: the abstentionists, led by Bordiga; the societists, led by Lazzari, who favors participation in the present instance; and the traditional parliamentarians, led by Treves. The second of these parties prevailed. As a result of this decision, the Italian Soviet is now instituted, with elements devoted to insurrectionist tactics and having revolution as their immediate objective. "Before this action," comments a conservative writer, "the Fiume problem pales into insignificance." It is indeed possible that "Bologna, 1919" will have as important a place in the history of Italian Socialism as that enjoyed for the past twenty-six years by "Genoa, 1892." Meanwhile the General Federation of Labor announces that the policy adopted by the Socialists at Bologna will not cause any change in its own traditional attitude. This helps to clarify as well as to complicate the Italian situation, which would seem to be now moving toward a fairly permanent stabilization.

To put this action of the Socialist Party in its historical perspective, we may venture to recall that the founder of Italian Socialism was not Marx but Bakunin. The Italian populace, with centuries of political tyranny behind it, had native to it that hatred of the state and of all types of bureaucracy which was one of Bakunin's distinctive emotions. Marxism, with its concept of an organized society, made in the earliest years of Socialism only a gradual advance in Italy. While Bakuninism passed to the minority in the first International, as early as 1872, and was excluded from the second International on the foundation of the latter in 1889, the corresponding evolution was not complete in Italy till the Genoa Congress of 1892, when the Italian Socialist Party came into being and Italian Marxian Socialism became clearly distinguished from anarchistic republicanism.

Between 1892 and 1906 Italian Socialism was

in much the state of mind that still predominates in the American movement. The party contained, first of all, those who thought that common ownership of the essentials to life could be attained through the capture by ballot of the instrumentalities of the modern democratic state; and second, those who thought that Socialism could be instituted only by the development of the trades unions, the triumph of which would involve the disappearance of the present democratic state and the creation of a new organism integrating political and economic power in the hands of the workers.

Here we find the cleavage between Reformist and Revolutionary Socialism, which had been fully developed in Italy by 1906. In that year majority control in the Italian party passed to the latter of these groups. Italian Socialism became definitely syndicalistic and revolutionary, and linked up, in a close relationship that has lasted ever since, with the General Federation of Labor, founded in 1900. In 1907 it was recognized that the principle of collective ownership, shared in common by Reformists and Revolutionaries, was not broad enough to accommodate syndicalist action and exclusively political action in a single efficient organization. Enrico Ferri, the leader of the democratic political actionists, left the party. The expulsion of Mr. Bissolati in 1913 was only an echo of this same difficulty—a new secession which drew off into the Reformist Socialist Party, for the election purposes of that time, the elements, really reformistic in conviction, who had hesitated for one reason or another to forsake the rich supply of votes delivered to the Socialist emblem by the General Federation.

At the outbreak of the world war the socialistic and revolutionary movement in Italy presented the following picture. The old Bakunin group, shed by the Socialist Party in 1892, stood organized with about 100,000 members in the Syndicalist Union, centralized in the "red" province of Romagna and fighting for the system of anarchistic republics which was temporarily proclaimed in June 1914.

The Reformists, dropped in 1907 and 1913, were hovering on the right of the Parliamentary group with about twenty-five deputies, led by Mr. Bissolati and Mr. Berenini, and combining as often with the Radicals and Liberals as with the majority Socialists.

Forming the vanguard of Socialism was the alli-

ance constituted by the General Federation of Labor, numbering 400,000 in 1913, and the Italian Socialist Party, counting 37,000 active members and polling almost exactly a million votes in the total of eight millions cast in the elections of that year. The war caused one slight abrasion on the surface of this solid group, when a few intellectuals of the type of Mr. Mussolino, and a few revolutionary workers like Mr. Alc  ste De Ambris, experienced a revival of patriotism and nationalistic sentiment. In the same plane with the General Federation we have had since last year the Italian Labor Union, exhibiting a compound of nationalism and syndicalism, while the Italian Socialist Party has a rival in the Socialist Union, of which one faction is following the moribund Wilsonism of Mr. Bissolati, while another is riding on the nationalist band-wagon in the trail of D'Annunzio.

Now as for the central nucleus of Italian Socialism, which carries on the unbroken tradition originated in 1892, and which was united with the labor movement in 1906, it is important to note that the Socialist party has grown since the war to a membership in excess of 100,000, while the Federation has also tripled in size, reaching a strength of not less than a million and a quarter. But this powerful agglomeration of revolutionary energy is a unit only in its ultimate ideal—the seizure by the syndicates of the instruments of production and consequently of political power. It is divided by important differences as to tactics and strategy, which are indeed not so great nor so incompatible with each other as was the old cleavage between Reformists and Revolutionaries. That is why the revolutionary Socialist organism has not split on the issue of Bolshevism.

The terminology distinguishing the two most important tendencies in the Italian movement includes the words "maximalism" and "minimalism." These terms are not so expressive as the words "sovietism" and "productionism," which are becoming current in France. Let us hazard a statement of the opposing views of the groups commonly called the "left" and the "right"—a statement all the more necessary in the United States in view of the somewhat different tendencies which developed at the Chicago convention.

The Maximalist (Sovietist) holds that the workman is the only producer, while the capitalist is a parasite. For the Minimalist (Productionist), the worker is not the only producer: he is not able to invent, design or set up his machinery, nor to find markets for his products; therefore the technical expertness of the capitalist class must be conserved and utilized.

The Maximalist thinks that the worker has no interest, at present, in his output. Increased production means more strength to the employers and tighter bonds on the workingman. Reforms depress revolutionary morale by arousing false hopes and preventing the general despair essential to the success of revolution. In the view of Minimalist, any measure that increases output is so much gained by the worker. He learns how to manage his machinery better and what efficient production under good conditions of labor is. Not despair but technical efficiency on the part of the working classes is the first prerequisite to a revolutionary period.

For the Maximalist, the revolution is a political cataclysm. After seizing political power at whatever cost in suffering and retrogression, the workers can begin to reconstruct and acquire their own technical efficiency. For the Minimalist, the revolution is viewed as an economic evolution. A revolution resulting in famine and suffering will produce reaction and result in failure.

The Maximalist recognizes that the main body of labor is conservative. Therefore the revolution must be the violent act of a small body of convinced enthusiasts, which will "start something" and either sweep the majority into like enthusiasm or intimidate it into acquiescence. For the Minimalist, such enthusiasts cannot be trusted either to be successful in seizing power or to use that power wisely after they may have secured it.

The Maximalist thinks the masses can be controlled by dictatorship, just as the capitalistic system controls them now. The Minimalist fears that violence will provoke a mass assault by the militarized majority on the revolutionary minority, with the extermination of the revolutionists as a result. The workers must therefore gradually and persistently force their way into the control of the economic power in their regions, cooperating with government and owners until able to dispense with both.

For the Maximalist, participation by the revolutionists in the work of the existing parliamentary system demoralizes the participants and inhibits violent action. For the Minimalist, such cooperation enables the revolutionist to weaken the action of the government against the revolution, hastens the granting of necessary advantages, and facilitates the advance of the workers to complete control.

Now to draw a contrast that may serve to enlighten the somewhat complex situation in Italy: while the French Conf  d  ration g  n  rale du

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Travail has a large majority in favor of the Productionist or Minimalist program, with Sovietism or Maximalism in a minority that seems to be diminishing, and is captained by intellectuals and unskilled laborers, the Italian Federation takes no positive stand on the issues between left and right. There has been no occasion for a recorded division on this question, but it seems clear that out-and-out Minimalism is favored only by a relatively small minority, while Maximalism itself has never been able to muster more than a thirty per cent vote. Between these extremes stand the majority of the workers, who represent, not a compromise between left and right, but a hesitancy to accept either. The Federation was ready in July to make the effort to save Russia. It did not care to try the venture without a guarantee of support from England and France. It stands ready now to make an effort all alone, should the Fiume venture throw the army and middle-class organization into chaos. Certainly this would indicate a tendency toward Maximalism.

This situation explains the action of the Socialist party at Bologna. Whether the party go to the left or to the right is of little moment, unless it carries the Federation with it. Considered apart from the labor organization, the Socialist party is, in the words of Turati, "a mere abstraction." As the Federation itself put it, "the Federation can never assume a subordinate role in the alliance between party and Federation." But the Federation "stands pat" on the traditional Minimalist or Productionist program framed by its leaders and not yet put to the direct test of a vote under after-war conditions. The Socialist party constitutes itself

as the soviet and volunteers to offer the enthusiasm which will sweep the masses into insurrection and revolution.

Will it succeed? Does it wish even to succeed? Is the new direction the party has taken indicative of a permanent reversal of policy, or is it simply a propagandist expedient adapted to the moment? No one, apparently, pretends to know, and time only can tell. Turati says that "the experiment decided on by the Socialist congress must be carried out with perfect freedom of action and with undivided support from all factions." It is the skepticism of the old campaigner who suddenly finds himself crowded into the background by the sudden elevation to command of inexperienced but sanguine lieutenants. Turati, however, has never been able to differentiate between the Maximalism of 1918 and the Bakuninism of 1890. And there is a difference in goal, in spite of near identity in tactics. It is possible to understand the regret of the older leaders when they see the Italian Socialist party abandon policies which have made it the greatest single influence for good in the Italian democracy of the past quarter-century. But there is unquestionably much that is hopeful in the present outlook. The action at Bologna shows that the Italian party is still vital and aggressive—strong enough to disagree with itself. It brings the Italian nation sharply to order at the moment when the lure of romantic adventures overseas is strongest. It is an impressive act of solidarity with Russia at a time when that beleaguered nation is most in need of encouragement.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

The Roaring Forties

WHAT IS CLEARLY EVIDENT in Mr. Ralph D. Paine's narrative *The Old Merchant Marine* (The Chronicles of America; Yale University Press), is that, before beginning it, he was opposed by an almost insuperable difficulty. The chronicle, a record of events in their absolute order, without comment or art, while it serves well enough the simplicity of early romance, is entirely incapable of even indicating the rise of a great period, its domination, practically, of a world, and, for a multiplicity of causes, its decline and end. This, satisfactorily related, requires either limitless space or a great art; and forbidden, evidently, the former, Mr. Paine has not brought the other rare gift to his undertaking.

The trouble, certainly, with his book is that he has permitted his own preferences and admirations to dominate practically every chapter; and, although his sympathetic knowledge of our merchant marine is deep, although he has faithfully followed its logs of voyage, he is first drawn to the more obvious romance: here he loves, above everything, the flash of a cutlass; he sees most vividly not the old barques feeling their way about Africa by the color of a current, but privateersmen lashed bulwark to bulwark with heavier metal and firing with indomitable courage their last caronade.

This is evident not only in his choice of incidents, but in words; he loves, as well, just such

phrases as carronade; the third chapter of *The Old Merchant Marine* is called *Out Cutlasses and Board*; his pages echo with the trumpeted cry, "Strike, or I'll sink you with a broadside!"; the swaggering pirate traditionally chews wine-glasses; there is shower after shower of round shot and bars of iron, engagement after engagement under the very cliffs of England, stabbing and shooting amid yells and huzzas. It is all as gallant as possible, a stirring affair from first to last; but unfortunately aside from the veritable magic, the spirit, of the early trading ventures.

Yet Mr. Paine's book is eminently fair and widely informed; in detail it is uncommonly accurate. To be sure he has spread—where only moon-sails belong—watersails and ringtails above the skysails; while the ringtail is a jib-shaped sail set abaft the spanker, the watersail under the swinging boom. But this is relatively unimportant. A large amount of reading, the preparations for the other books allied in subject, lies behind *The Old Merchant Marine* and makes it both authentic and valuable. The chapter on *The Packet Ships* could hardly be better. And, in its entirety, it is a courageous presentation of the truth about our whalers and merchant marine in the face of a contrary British legend: this, in reality, being that we had faster ships better served than England, our masters, throughout the great period, and were far superior to the English.

Mr. Paine establishes these facts by overwhelming evidence drawn from actual performance, comparison, and English sources; and he shows back of that the fundamental causes of American supremacy on the sea. The necessities of physical situation, enormous natural resources, the spirit of a new land, produced—as he so justly says—the finest full ships of all time, lovelier, except for cathedrals, than anything else created by man.

He makes plain, too, the long involved diplomatic and political jealousies and blindness that hampered American shipping at home and away. Frequently this was a means of more notable accomplishment: restricted in easier lanes, Salem ship-masters carried their house-flags into the farthest straits and ports, returning with incredible riches; but, in the end, shackling treaties and Congressional bargaining, time itself, left the little brigs and ships, the packets and towering clippers, idle at their cob-built or solid wharfs.

In the pressure of his predilections, however, Mr. Paine has thrown overboard—for his cutting out expeditions and boarding parties—a romance, a courage, far surpassing the bullying clatter of steel. After all, a book called *The Old Merchant*

Marine has for its subject the epic of trade and not of wars. In, for example, the chapter *Yankee Vikings and New Trade Routes*, while there is a great deal about the first, and a conventional paste of patriotism and mutineers, there is nothing actually of the routes. The cannon are again in action; but the strange beauty of uncharted seas and islands, the extraordinary cargoes of sea-horses' teeth and beche-de-mer, lacquers and longcloth and amber, is quite absent.

Beyond slight references to China, to tea, the mere terms *Sumatra* and *pepper*, nothing is told. It is more important, more impressive, to learn that there was no anchorage whatever at *Sumatra*—that the ships lay off the pounding surf while their masters, with a rack of muskets in the long boat, negotiated with the native *datoo* supported by a show of poisoned creeses—than to listen to the tale of the whaler *Betsy* coming safely out of harbor under the guns of Spanish forts. It is more enthralling to picture the tea ships, the frigate-built *East Indiamen* with their captains in gold lace and bluff American vessels often under two hundred tons' burden, lying side by side in *Whampoa Reach* while their masters went up the river to bargain with the co-hongs of *Canton*, than to read of a prancing midshipman with a dirk.

What about the trading barques of the *East African Coast*? What about the *West Coast*?

From which did the frails of dates come, the palm oil, ivory, gold dust, gum copal? There are detailed paragraphs about unimportant affairs with *Japan*, trivialities of description. But when was *Shanghai* opened to American bottoms? What were the difficulties of trade with *Dutch Java*? How, during a stormy period of interminable strife, were voyages and ports constantly shifted to avoid the ruthless confiscation of entire cargoes? What, actually, were those rare scented exports from fabulous lands? How did they look broken out of holds on the *Salem water-side*?

The indigo, of *Calcutta* or *Manila*, was boxed in cases of dusty blocks six inches square, and a hundred or two such cases, valued at a hundred dollars each, made a characteristic shipment; pepper, in the earlier days when it was still a direct cargo, was carried in bulk, the vessels drew away from western *Sumatra* with the between-decks, the boats above, the cabins literally overflowing; the cassia buds of *Singapore* were powdered, but the bark arrived in heavy plaited mats; the fine teas—the first picking from the *Sunglo* and *Black Hills*—were contained in little leaden cannisters. . . . Such things not only form the fragrant romance of Mr. Paine's subject, they are the subject itself,

its shape and substance and value and being.

What, too, were the weights and measures, the monetary exchanges, of the old merchant marine: what is a picul, a frail? Why were Spanish dollars, in kegs, universal for American trading? How, in their preliminary turn, were they contracted for and procured? And what, finally, about the ports and new routes?

Sauger Island with the tigers roaming under its light, Papatze in the heavenly calm of Point Venus, the Hoogly River and Malacca Straits, with an American shipmaster on his deck for sixteen days, the withheld eastings of inhuman southern latitudes and winds! How were the courses laid—why did a ship make the British Isles before bearing away, by way of South America, for the Cape of Good Hope, the Indian Ocean and the East? How was the one, the two or three years of a voyage consumed? . . . A Salem vessel might make Bermuda Hundred, on the James River, for tobacco, discharge that at her home port, ship lumber and cotton to South America, carry hides and rubber on to Madeira for wine, bear that to the Isle de France, proceed, by way of Bombay and its printed chintzes to the Feejees for a fantastic collection of delicacies offered to the Chinese palate in exchange for Shantung silks and porcelains. So much Mr. Paine has ignored.

There is the necessity, as well, of adding that the bibliography of *The Old Merchant Marine* is hardly more than perfunctory, a curious omission in view of Mr. Paine's unquestioned knowledge of his sources. There is no notice of the Augustine Heard Memoir, nor of the George Nichols volume, both of inestimable value; his reference to Captain Richard Cleveland takes no account of the fact that Harpers issued in 1886 a comprehensive description of him by H. W. S. Cleveland called *Voyages of a Merchant Navigator*. The remarkable collections of the Essex Institute, manuscript logs and valuable casual papers, the actualities of the Peabody Museum, are not indicated.

To be complete such a bibliography must include, perhaps, three hundred titles, English and French, contemporary and retrospective: Shanghai almanacs and sailors' journals, opening with an invocation to God and blistered with the salt spray of their daring, books on Chinese behavior, with dusty lithographs of ingenious tortures, charts with Neptune, clasping his Triton, rising from the sea—works of unalloyed superstition slowly developing into an assured art of navigation; New England village annals, Admiralty law, coinage, food, dress. . . . But this would necessitate an infinity of interests together with a spaciousness of scope denied, in its exact sense, to any mere chronicle.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

Our Unique Humorist—Artemus Ward

IN A CREDITABLE VOLUME—*Artemus Ward: A Biography and Bibliography* (Harper)—Mr. Don C. Seitz fails to give us any distinct idea of the celebrity who, living from 1834 to 1867, was Charles Farrar Browne and called himself "Artemus Ward." This is no fault of the biographer, not only because he never saw his subject but because the descriptions of the many who did see and know him almost equally miss conveying just what this pleasant creature was like. All notably successful platform individualities being highly peculiar to themselves, even contrastive one with another, most of their effect, their self-impression, unreplicable at second hand, vanishes with their mortal passing, as with great jury lawyers, politicians, actors, pulpiti-ers.

Yet rambling through this book and his writings, one occasionally perhaps glimpses if not grasps the bubbling idiosyncrasy of the person. Long ago, a gentle codger of an Irish-English poet delighted to devise and hum such things as "Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song, And if you

find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long;" the plot here being that a dog went mad and bit a human, wherefore "sure the dog had lost his wits to bite so good a man." Yes, Artemus Ward flavors of this mood of Noll's. Both exceedingly delighted—Ward among other spontaneous absurdities—to enforce the obvious as if it were a prime point to make, and they were so circumstantial about it that they wrought no end of simple humor and good-humor. It is true that Goldsmith was a writer only. The American's best wit and whimsey were spoken. "In the midst of life we are in debt; Rat jump over a trunk; I am saddest when I sing and so are others"—such colloquial morsels must have dropped more movingly from the utterer's lips than they could, did, or do lie in his printed ink. Notwithstanding that the weary Lincoln read this laughter's broad grotesque skits with fondness and for relief, and that Artemus mounted to the platform from the considerable editorship of the *New York Vanity Fair* as the successor of Leland, he had no sustained literary powers, such as Mark

Twain's, whose first publishings he godfathered. Of their similar humors Mark Twain's is much the more robust; Ward's was sweeter. Nothing harsh, nothing so hard as a sarcasm, can be found among his "goaks," as it was one of his jokes to spell the word. A rational being who gloated all over like an infant or idiot in such trivial perversions was a wholesomely exquisite effervescent. We must correct our received impressions that his humor strokes fell in whacks and bricks. His latitudes in approaching a point were sometimes wild, and his rocking auditory wildly laughed in answer, but it did not hullabaloo and yell. Inordinate hailing could not greet such elegant feeling as the genius evinced when one night snow-bound in the chill chamber of a remote Maine inn. The closets were ransacked for extra bed cover but nothing better came to light than the frame of a hoop-skirt of the late Artemus hung it in the window. "It will keep out," he shuddered to his companion, "the coarsest of the cold."

The man perpetually enjoying himself and all others, eminently Negroes and children, made friends wherever he turned or passed. New England towns, Cleveland, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Boston, and their wits, all knew and cherished him as paragrapher, companion, and pseudo-lecturer. In war days in Memphis he captivated General Sherman, who abhorred most newspaper people. When a San Francisco theater manager telegraphed, "What would you take for forty nights in California?" Artemus replied "Brandy and water," which pleased Bret Harte along with everybody else on the Coast. No drunkard, his endless frolic and conviviality began to undermine the phthisical constitution of that tall frail frame when in Utah, where he was gathering notes for his Mormon "lecture" after an ebullient California visit, all in 1863. His brief career in England was amazingly brilliant. He was seized into the bosom of the inceptive Savage Club, which he "made" and where remains his bust by Grekowski; was landed by Mark Lemon to write for Punch, and met overpowering popularity with his Mormon lecture. A Mr. Millward and his wife there in London took good care of the reckless liver and Mrs. Millward warned him that he must learn to say no, so one small-hour morning Artemus roused the house to report to Mrs. Millward gravely that (manifestly not acting in kind) he had been saying no all the evening. He went to pieces and swiftly died of his consumption at Southampton at thirty-three, acutely mourned at Kensal Green Cemetery by a crowd of English and American friends alike. Moncure Con-

way, whom he had known in Cincinnati when himself editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, buried him. His body was removed to repose in the Elm Vale Cemetery of his native Waterford, in Maine.

So far from a buffoon, described in fact by everybody as gentlemanly, his ungainly appearance gauntly lent itself to the solemn manners of his fun. Mark Twain likened his figure to a glove-stretcher, and his face was aquiline to match. He never smiled on the platform, delivering with different hesitations and a drawl those outrages of reason which made his houses roar and scream. But however suddenly, while casually, he served masses of the preposterous, or whatever he dropped of shocking impossibilities of exaggeration, the loud mirth he compelled was not gross or roystering, but finer; it relaxed dignity, his own and his hearers', to free joy, but the dignity—if only the Chaplin and his party would make a note of it—was not dispelled. The wonderful humorist, as Conway relates, "played on his audience as Liszt did on a piano." Charles Reade called him "Artemus the Delicious."

For Browne's originality possessed a quality impossible to analyze or acquire, charm; and it resided in his own air, but little of it, as already considered, filtering through his inditing fingers into Artemus Ward: His Book, or his other volumes. His letters—spontaneous penning—keep more of his self. In one of them he expressed what light virtue of philosophy streaked his irresponsible courses: "I have always meant the creatures of my burlesques should stab Error and give Right a friendly push." At Salt Lake City, where he assayed Mormonism as "petticoats and plunder," he regretted an unjealous plural wife's saying, though interestingly: "Man is a part of God, and when man belongs to the Church the image of God is in him; he loses his selfishness, becomes like God, and can love many."

He was viceless and unmean, and so pure-minded that in the good fellowships of which he was always the center, among men of gifts or shirted miners, the jollity never lurched into the ditch of smuttiness. He called his mother by her name, Caroline, and it was the last thought and act of his life to provide for her. His existence was apparently unvisited by despondencies. Reflections of a curious pathos of lack dawn from that; from that and with the realization that not in any rendered line of his or his biographer's, or under it, is there ray or shadow of a love that ever suffused and troubled this delicate bright spirit.

P. H. BELKNAP.

The Abyss of the People

"THEN," SAID THE CAPTAIN, "I shot him again to make sure." And he proudly exhibited a helmet bored through with two diminutive holes—two steel blossoms with curling lips, suddenly full blown in a moment of high confusion within that casque.

"Some of our men like the other way better," the Captain continued. "Some of them are like a little fool I saw up between Chateau-Thierry and Fismes. He was just a kid, a few months from home. When I saw him first he was goin' like hell down through the open woods after a Boche.

"Shoot him!" I yelled. "Shoot him!"

"Shoot him, hell! I want to stick him!" That's what the kid said, and, believe me, he did it too."

The auditors around the mess table smiled appreciatively.

"I guess he remembered what they used to tell us in the cantonments;" here the Captain raised his voice to the drillmaster's tone of command. "Put some pep into it! What you want is guts on both ends of the bayonet!"

The slang is American. So is the story, submitted here in proof of the fact that even in American sectors the wheels of Juggernaut's car sometimes cut through the crust into "a marsh of blood and bones."

But even though America has had some share in the experience of war, she has contributed practically nothing to the interpretation of this experience. She sent eager, careless Youth to battle; it is reticent, triumphant Youth that she has received back again. And as yet there has not been so much as an honest attempt to gather together the raw material for an American war literature; least of all has there been any interpretative work worthy of notice.

This national dumbness—itsself a condition which demands, perhaps defies, interpretation—is shared in some measure by England and by Germany, but not by Austria, and certainly not by France. In Latzko's *Men in War*, in Barbusse's *Under Fire*, and now in Kreutz's *Captain Zillner* (Doran), the filth and wreckage of the battlefield are hooked up for examination—hastily, before mold and maggots make the task impossible. And in Barbusse's *Light* (Dutton), an attempt is made to illuminate, not alone the ruinous present, but the future that must be built upon this putrid mass.

War, these artists agree, is most notable for its horror and its filth. Cafes booming with national anthems; barracks that sweat and roar in the travail of armies; rushing trains that click out "good-bye

to all—to all—to all"; marches by day and by night, faster and faster toward the horizon where the guns growl incessantly; the final halt; the first shell; the charge—victory or death! . . .

Slowly and inevitably, as a dumb animal sinks into quicksand, Captain Zillner and his company of little souls sink down into the morass of battle—down to where "a line of men lay in position at the edge of the wood, . . . as if waiting the word to fire, with their cheeks pressed against the butts of their rifles or with faces hidden in the grass—they were dead men."

But Kreutz's armies never descend to the seventh hell of horror from which Latzko's *Men in War* have no escape. "Does not each tick of the second hand mark the death rattle of thousands of men?" asks the maniac whose body has been snatched up from the depths.

In order to hear the hell raging yonder on the other side of the thick wall of air, is it not enough to know of chins blown off, throats cut open and corpses locked in a death embrace? If a man were lying comfortably in bed and found out for certain that some one next door were being murdered, would you say he was sick if he jumped up out of bed with his heart pounding? And are we anything but next door to places where thousands duck down in frantic terror, where the earth spits mangled fragments of bodies up into the sky and the sky hammers down on the earth with fists of iron?

Hammers down on the earth—hammers into the earth—such figures as these, revealed to Barbusse (*Under Fire*) when "the wind licks up the sugared snow" from the gray plain:

these three putrified corpses on top of each other, in each other, with their round gray caps whose red edge is hidden with a gray band, their yellow-gray jackets, and their green faces. I look for the features of one of them. From the depths of his neck up to the tufts of hair that stick to the brim of his cap is just an earthy mass, the face become an anthill, and two rotten berries in place of the eyes. Another is a dried emptiness flat on its belly, the back in tatters that almost flutter, the hands, feet, and face enrooted in the soil.

For art's sake, Baudelaire, Maupassant, and perhaps a few others have spoken thus of the maggoty horrors of death. But we are persuaded that the writers of these chronicles of war have no concern with abstract art or disembodied truth. They are wholly preoccupied with the effect of the actuality of war upon the soldier, and most of all with the effect of the truth about war on society. Their works are to be judged, then, not as stories or novels, but as gospels.

In *Men in War*, in *Captain Zillner*, and in Barbusse's earlier volume a certain large likeness is discoverable; the three depend for their results up-

on an intense emotional reaction. For Latzko, the experience of war lies "entirely without the pale of human sanity"; his characters go mad, or topple headlong into oblivion; his hope, if he has a hope, is that men will turn with maniacal fury upon their masters—that out of horror re-directed there will come an end of horror. At best it is a fight with "the damned thing"—in the dark.

What Kreutz expects of the future it is difficult to determine. His unpracticed hand fumbles with superfluous and unreal characters caught in a mesh of coincidence. Even in the individual study that forms the substance of the book—the story of the gradual extinction of Zillner's faith—there are elements of uncertainty. It is the futility of death and destruction that breaks this spirit; but without the weight of official bungling, of national defeat, of personal disappointment, would the collapse have been as complete? Is Captain Zillner the victim of War, or of his part in this war? The question goes unanswered. And it is no full vision of a new world, but the voice of a lost child, that finally draws the Captain back from the brink of suicide and sends him hobbling off down the road "in search of the children, the little saviors of the world." . . . Yes! Soldiers, or the mothers of soldiers!

Under Fire exhibits no such confusion of individual and general motives, no faltering of faith in the future. The creatures that make up Barbusse's armies lose in their common suffering and their common ecstasy the marks that make them soldiers:

We cannot decide the identity of these beings, either by their clothes, thickly covered with filth, or by their head dress, for they are bareheaded or swathed in woollens under their liquid and offensive cowls; . . . All these men of corpse-like faces who are before us and behind us, . . . all these earth-charged men who, you would say, were carrying their own winding-sheets, are as much alike as if they were naked . . . It is the end of all. For the moment it is the prodigious finish, the epic cessation of the war . . . But suddenly one of the prone survivors rose to his knees, dark as a great bat ensnared, and as the mud dripped from his waving arms he cried in a hollow voice, "There must be no more war after this!" . . . The sullen or furious exclamations of these men fettered to the earth, incarnate of earth, arose and slid away on the wind with beating wings—"No more war! No more war!"

Here it is then, the martyr's faith in Heaven. Surely the earth's agony has not been for nothing! Somehow all that the present has lost must have a balance in what the future is to gain! *Somehow*—that is if one shares a religious faith so illogical that it does not see the need of a god to perform the miracles it expects.

Is this, then, the only refuge of the human spirit from the horrors of war—Latzko's madness, or the millennial faith of Kreutz, and of Barbusse in

his earlier period? Experience testifies that the ways of escape are far more numerous.

It is not the general and the usual but the particular and the exceptional forms of death and destruction that arouse the feelings of horror. The soldier in the presence of the actuality of war, or the civilian assailed by ghoulish descriptions of its terrors, will not ordinarily go mad. He may rather be expected to become immune to horror, by habituation, or by the rationalization of his experience.

Unquestionably the refuge of habituation is the safest and most popular retreat of harassed humanity. In the presence of an ordinary dinner, a truly logical Baudelerian mind would endure the tortures of the damned; what can a living body have to do with this material, dead and already partly decomposed? Reason in a meat-shop might ask such a question, did not habit keep ideas of this sort out of consciousness. And it is no use denying that man is capable of becoming completely hardened to the suffering and death of his fellow men, just as to that of the lower animals; certainly the records show no great frequency of madness among hospital men and undertakers!

Rationalization is a process more difficult of explanation. The term rationalization is used here in the loosest possible sense to cover all the cases where there exists a conviction or belief that the loss incurred will be balanced by a proportional gain. Between the heartlessness of the surgeon engaged upon his first major operation, and the rapt adoration of a Christian martyr, there is room for a thousand varieties of self-assurance that somehow good will come out of evil.

With the neatly materialistic logic of the surgeon we have no concern. But when discussion deals with war, the martyr spirit cannot have too much consideration. Christianity, and a dozen other systems that have preceded and paralleled it, have been busy for thousands of years teaching the serviceability of suffering, the value of self-sacrifice, for the ennoblement of character and the salvation of the soul. It is no part of our task to determine whether it was by design or by chance that a human trait most serviceable to those who impose suffering and demand self-sacrifice has been so assiduously cultivated. Certain it is that this trait of character had attained a degree of strength wholly unsuspected until the world martyrdom of the last five years gave an opportunity for its display. And now, when the near universality of the martyr spirit, the astonishing "goodness" of the human character, has just been proved on a thousand battlefields, there are still men who would frighten the world away from war with tales of the horrors of

war. To Latzko the best answer is Barbusse—Barbusse, who sees the writings of the armies as clearly as the other—who sees his own army crucified for the future of the race.

Now, as long as the people believe in the refinement of the spirit by martyrdom or are content with still more nebulous rewards in Heaven, faith in the celestial balance of good and evil will cover a multitude of sufferings. But it is generally held that in this modern time men tend increasingly to look for tangible rewards here on earth. Pro-war literature takes cognizance of this fact; men are urged to sacrifice themselves, not now for the preservation of the true faith, but in order that some projected ideal may take the shape of reality in the world. It no longer suffices to preach the crusade in the abstract. A nation at war must acknowledge terrestrial war aims. And as the sacrifice demanded becomes increasingly huge, these aims must take on a proportional grandeur, until the climax comes and the World War becomes a war for world democracy.

It would naturally be supposed that when the reward is thus brought within the terrestrial realm of reason, the people who are called upon to make the necessary sacrifice would seek most earnestly for its requitement. But an empirical test of this theory brings the mind flat against a monstrous paradox: that men are more willing to give their bodies to be burned than to give a modicum of time and attention to the achievement of the results bought at the price of their own suffering. It is this succession of ecstasy and indifference that enables the diplomats to sacrifice aims that would justify any war in a treaty that would disgrace any peace. No one doubts but that half a dozen resolute men in high places could today throw America into a war for Shantung; and yet our national executive could change his mind at the peace table and give away Shantung, and the Fourteen Points to boot, without arousing anything more than a grunt of protest. Animal inheritance and centuries of training in self-sacrifice have their result: "character" overtops intelligence, and humanity is fitter for Heaven than for the earth. From indifference and ignorance—from "the abyss of the people"—no amount of "goodness" and high hope can resurrect the race. The war has proved this to the satisfaction of Barbusse; the universal martyrdom of Under Fire comes to nothing without the universal intelligence of Light.

Through the first thirteen chapters of this novel—a narrative in the first person, like *Under Fire*—the action passes under the steady illumination of "single-light" realism. Then Simon Paulin, like

Saul of Tarsus, has his vision; he is struck down in battle, and when he emerges at last from torment it is not Paulin that speaks, but Barbusse. Enough has already been said to prove that this intellectual awakening—which perhaps did not come to Barbusse himself until the end of the conflict—is not the normal reaction of men in war. And yet the salvation of the world is here made to depend upon such an awakening, complete and universal in its character:

I used to think that resignation was a virtue [writes Barbusse]. I see now that it is a vice. . . . the only memory it is important to preserve of the years we have endured is that of their loathsome horror and lunacy. . . .

Ah, there are cloudy moments when one asks himself if men do not deserve all the disasters into which they rush! No—I recover myself—they do not deserve them. But we, instead of saying "I wish," must say "I will." And what we will, we must will to build it, with order, with method, beginning at the beginning, when once we have been as far as that beginning. We must not only open our eyes, but our arms, our wings.

. . . the poor, the exploited, are fifteen hundred millions here on earth. They are the Law because they are the Number. . . . People of the world, establish equality up to the limits of your great life. . . .

Mutual solidarity is of the intellect—common-sense, logic, methodical precision, order without faltering, the ruthless inevitable perfection of light!

In my fervor, in my hunger, and from the depths of my abyss, I uttered these words aloud amid the silence.

And as the mockery of a diplomatic peace has answered the martyr's cry "No more war! No more war!" so this appeal to universal intelligence refutes itself in the words of Barbusse's drunken anarchist, "Folks aren't wicked, but they're stupid, stupid, stupid."

The emotions of humanity come readily to the service of any cause. With intelligence the case is different. The problem is not how to arouse it, but how to create it.

The war system of today rests upon the uncontrovertible truth that humanity has always more willingly fought in war than it has thought in peace. Get a war declared and you can get it fought. Proclaim peace, and the people sleep again.

This truth is easier found than the explanation of it—and the remedy that will make it into error. Born into the world by no will of his own, man is the slave of a rapacious body that directs the first efforts of the mind to the satisfaction of physical appetites. Most of the men who fight the world's wars have no time to think of battle until the body is itself in contact with war's new and special forms of hunger, weariness and death—until war becomes an "everyday problem"—and then it is too late.

When the means of unchaining war are so completely developed and so simple, when the means of peace are not as yet the subject of so much as

a theoretical agreement, certainly something like a generally developed intelligence is necessary for the maintenance of peace. The goal is distant and indistinct, but the line of approach is plain enough—reorganize industry to give more play to individual initiative and more time for its exercise; reorganize education to place more emphasis on reason, and less on blind altruism. Until some such

slow and methodical reformation of the primary units and organizations of society begins to have its effect, appeals to suicidal emotions and embryonic intelligence are of no avail, war is as normal as peace, and visions of perpetual harmony are no more than a martyr's hope of Heaven.

GEROID ROBINSON.

The Remaking of a Mind

THE GRATUITOUS OBFUSCATION imported into an already trying state of affairs by some of our most eminent Socialist pamphleteers has naturally roused an interest in the working of the Socialist mind. On the surface we have what looks like a monstrous paradox. Perhaps even a hoax. After years of patient and not too hopeful propaganda, these gentlemen see their theories magically investing themselves with life and movement over a great part of Europe and assuming that air of self-determination which is the mark of a matured responsibility. Are they therefore happy? Not visibly. Instead of the triumphant chorus with which we might reasonably have expected them to greet the transformation—say in Russia—we have something like a wail of despair and a deafening clamor of protest. The note is so shrill as to suggest panic. And it has in it something of the impotent dismay of the schoolmaster who sees his pupils getting out of hand. So violent is the revulsion, indeed, that our pamphleteers have no difficulty in establishing an entente with the hitherto despised corrupters of the popular mind, and appear monthly as the props of the status quo in the bourgeois magazines. Reality, apparently, is a disturbing business, more acutely and inherently unpleasant than the reformist mind is likely to assume.

For the explanation of this acute distress it is necessary to "go back" to Marx—or, at any rate, to the Marxians. Marx and Darwin may fairly be ranked together as the founders of the new order—if there is a new order. Now the treatment they have received at the hands of their respective followers is at least suggestive. Both appealed to science, and thereby invited the full rigors of scientific criticism. In Darwin's case we may say that by and large the invitation has been accepted. There has been no personal cult, at least, and pious exegesis is not a recognized part of biology. Increasingly the tendency has been to supplant opinion with knowledge, regardless of the consequences

to Darwin's prestige. The field has remained open. The fate of Marx has been different. By reason of the passionate hopes to which he appealed and the long frustrations out of which he seemed to point the way, his creed has almost from the first invested itself with a religious sanctity. It has undergone at the hands of its devotees much the same treatment as other religious creeds. True the revisionists have not been idle, but their work has commonly taken the form of "interpretations"—a sure sign that somewhere or other there is an uneasy concern with party morale, which is irrelevant in science. In short, we have to do with piety and a careful calculation of the effect of renewals on the solid front. The result has been disastrous in two ways: it has encouraged among the rank and file a faith in the adequacy of formulae which has blinded them to inconvenient fact, and it has stimulated in the more alert minds a casuistical address in searching out "authoritative" sanctions for new attitudes. The net outcome of all this mental inertia on the one hand and emotional strain on the other has been dogma, rigid reaction patterns, and a grudging allowance of the world's right to move on. History seems to show that the most remorseless of all dogmatists are precisely the non-conformists.

Henry de Man has given us with admirable candor in *The Remaking of a Mind* (Scribner) the confession of one Socialist's struggle with dogma. Before the war he was a leader of the Belgian Labor Party and an intimate friend of Karl Liebknecht, with whom he was associated in the formation of the International Socialist Young People's Federation. When Belgium was unexpectedly invaded, he enlisted at once and fought throughout the war, interrupting his service only by official visits to Russia and America. The war put his theories on trial and led to an agonized reexamination of the whole basis of his faith. For him the problem was less simple than it looked to national idealists (and Defense Leaguers) on the

one hand, or intransigent Socialists on the other. Was it actually a war for democracy? And if the facts were not really so simple, was there still nothing to choose between the capitalism of the Central Empires and that of the Western Allies? M. de Man thought there was—in the long run. Enough to justify sacrifices. But there is no doubt that the accumulating evidence of Allied diplomacy added to his moments of torturing doubt, and if his confession proves anything, it proves up to the hilt that honest questionings and an anxious scrutiny of ends are not destructive of morale. From the position to which he finally won through he challenges the traditional Socialist attitude. His attack takes the form of an examination of the disastrous effects of dogma on thinking and a general review of the inadequate psychological basis on which Marxian Socialism rests. With the fundamental Socialist analysis of the war—the out-reaching for new markets and safe areas of investment by a profit-taking society in the saturation stage of industrialism—he is of course in substantial agreement; but he insists that emphasis on the purely economic has blinded Socialists to the working of non-economic motives, simplified their analysis to the point of falsification, and blunted the full force of their appeal for popular support. That this has not been altogether unfortunate however he freely admits, since it is now clear that the menace to freedom of the old uncritical bureaucratic Socialism was at least as great as that of capitalism itself. And the way out? Certainly it cannot be by the naive dream of a multiplied officialdom. M. de Man prefers now to call himself a radical and advocates an experimental advance towards industrial democracy, with a minimum of state interference. But he has no plan of his own. Indeed, he confesses that he has had enough of programs. What is needed is rather a method, together with a much subtler understanding of what is required to bring into being “the new state of mind that is needed to help humanity recover the control of its destinies.” The New Socialism, he tells us, will be pragmatic and practical, even as the pre-war Socialism was dogmatic and sectarian.

What is original and arresting in the book is thus not M. de Man's formal thinking. What is interesting is the rare honesty with which, in tracing the workings of his own mind under stress, he uncovers the motives of a former leader of revolt, and gives us the reactions of an avowed internationalist and foe of war to the ecstasies of blood lust. All that part of his book is amazingly and

refreshingly free from cant and well worth attending to. Whether this is due in part to an insensitiveness to nuance doesn't matter; the effect is the same. In the first place M. de Man, as he never allows us to forget, had the inestimable advantage of descending into Socialism from above. His interest in the movement was inspired among other things by a “chivalrous disposition,” which disposed him to feel for the under-dog and to wish to communicate to him “the knowledge which I owed to my education as a ‘privileged born.’” For the rest, no small part of the motive complex appears to have been made up of a “desire for authority, responsibility, and command.” This is candid—and illuminating. It suggests that by a little burrowing in the unfamiliar underworld of the mind, which their rationalistic preconceptions have too long allowed them to ignore, other Socialist leaders might bring to light a similar will to power. However that may be, this same desire for authority, responsibility, and command stood M. de Man in excellent stead during the war, and we find him referring affectionately to “my men” and running on in quite an idyllic strain:

I had been extremely lucky, for the some 200 boys of my battery were all thoroughly good and devoted fellows, without a single black sheep amongst them. I was, therefore, able to maintain discipline and the high standard of fighting efficiency required for trench mortar work, without ever having to punish or even to give formal commands. We loved each other and knew it, although circumstances (no soft spots!) did not allow any demonstration of feeling. . . . I know—although they never said a word about it—they were grateful for my efforts to create welfare institutions in the battery, such as a library, a canteen, a transportable bath, a whole equipment for games and sport-exercises, a band, courses for the illiterate, and many other things. I was amply rewarded for these efforts by the joy I felt in commanding men under such exceptionally satisfactory conditions, and finding that they responded to my will like the strings of a well-tuned musical instrument to the fingers of an artist.

So! Surely this is all very familiar and suggests the dreams of an efficiency engineer married to a welfare worker.

M. de Man offers himself to us as one cleansed of dogma. But is he really so fortunate? Let us see. Our own leaders have winced under the acid test of Russia. Is he similarly sensitive? Apparently. He is at least as harsh with the Bolsheviks as our own John Spargo, and altogether for doctrinal reasons. That doesn't sound promising for the “new mind.” An official visitor to Russia during the Kerensky regime, he was franked in official circles and is able to confirm in detail the imbecilities of Allied diplomacy, to which he ascribes

the fall of the government. But beyond that he doesn't convince us that he is a good observer. He is so concerned with theory that facts elude him or get hopelessly out of focus. And if we check his views on Russia with the unique picture he gives us of the United States—a bizarre blend of the Declaration of Independence, the Goddess of Liberty, Huck Finn, and Walt Whitman—we shall be in no danger of overrating his acumen. Nevertheless he is a witness against the Soviet government, and, like most witnesses for or against, he leaves you wondering whether there is such a thing in the world as disinterested curiosity. You would suppose an experiment so momentous and conducted on so gigantic a scale would invite a little first-hand study, and that prophecies as to its success or failure (if they were risked at all) would be based on a serious marshaling of relevant fact. But relevant fact is precisely what we have never had and what there seems precious little chance of our ever having. M. de Man adds nothing to our store. Why trouble with facts when you can demolish error with a theory? Especially an impressive theory. For him the special and sufficient crime of the Bolsheviks is that they failed to respect the appointed historic order. Instead of going submissively through the regular stages of capitalism, respectable republican institutions, and so on, like their Western neighbors, they chose to indulge in futuristic experiments at the risk of wrecking Socialism. Underlying his argument throughout there appears to be an implicit acceptance of the hoary unilinear theory, which has long since been carted off to the museum of antiquities by the anthropologists who formulated it. But contemplation of Bolshevik enormities seems to have filled him with a renewed tenderness for capitalism in general, and American capitalism in particular, which he denominates as "pure." An internationalist and therefore sensitive to the charge of tribalism, M. de Man visibly winces under the Bolshevik epithet "vulgar patriots." To whom was this epithet applicable? Why, to such wia-the-war Socialists as Kautsky in Germany, Hyndman in England, Jules Guesde in France, and many more whom he carefully lists. "It strikes me that none of the names I have just mentioned is Jewish, and that half of them denote an origin from among the so-called upper strata of European society. I point this out merely as a contribution to a psychological explanation, and not by any means an attack on the Jewish race." The absence of tribal ardors implies, evidently, no compensating lack of tribal prejudice. And the psychological explana-

tion? M. de Man suggests that it lies in the fact that his Socialists had "roots" in the country. If certain rude proletarians hazard another guess and are already hinting that for the word "roots" the word "stake" should be substituted, that only proves the author's thesis by showing how a fanatical emphasis on doctrine—to wit, the well-known economic interpretation—leads infallibly to error.

But these are peccadilloes. On the positive side M. de Man wins our gratitude by the candor with which he records the effects of fighting on himself and those about him. In spite—or rather because of—the calm, matter-of-fact tone the confession has a terrific impact. Its value lies in the fine courage and indifference to conventional reserves that allowed him to write it. Thoroughly in earnest, he never spares himself. Nor does he leave any doubt that, whatever his original bias, he is a competent witness. For his instincts responded to the war with a savage intensity that inhibited any critical action of the mind. Under fire he became simply the killing animal, intoxicated with blood lust, blind to all the values of civilized living, for whom a "direct hit" with its ghastly accompaniment of flying human fragments and agonized shrieks in the enemy trenches was the very ecstasy of joy, a delirium that left him white and shaken, filled with an insatiable thirst for slaughter. "If I could only obey the will of my animal instincts, I would this very day start on a journey of ten thousand miles if by so doing I might enjoy something analogous to a 'direct hit' and revive the rapture of those voluptuous seconds." Not till afterwards did remorse seize him, a burning shame which will be with him, he implies, as long as he lives. Concerned to give its coup de grace to the silly romance which sees, in every soldier a hero, he runs the whole gamut of war emotions and finds them all in the last analysis degrading. In its reactions on individual initiative, on sex morality, on constructive social impulses, the discipline of war is alike disastrous. That way lies rebarbarization. But it is on the fatal ease with which the killing animal emerges that he dwells. And if current events in Europe and America have any significance there is surely point in his final question. Can a society in which there is so much wrong and over which the directing classes already have so precarious a hold really afford to stimulate the fighting instinct on a gigantic scale? It is a question which our conscriptionists and champions of universal service would do well to ponder.

GEORGE DONLIN.

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Freedom and the Grace of God

THE ULTIMATE DIFFERENCE between prose and poetry is becoming more difficult to define as the novelist encroaches on the precincts of the poet. The vers librist contends that the work of the one is distinguished from that of the other by the presence or absence of the "return." But the novels which approach most nearly the method of the Imagists seem less to progress than to recur, with a fine firm emphasis, to the authors' emotional bias.

Mary Olivier, by May Sinclair (Macmillan), though it compasses a life, has much the same character as the infinitely slow, infinitely careful Pilgrimage, of which the fourth (but not the final) volume has recently been published (The Tunnel, by Dorothy Richardson; Knopf). The authors of both betray this bias. For all their interesting difference, they use one method and achieve one end.

Miss Sinclair has always shown herself a keen psychologist and a thorough craftsman. Miss Richardson however preceded her in the development of the technique which renders these novels remarkable. The detail is reminiscent of the treatment of light introduced by the impressionists. Just as they covered a canvas with tiny points of color till it quivered with luminosity, so Miss Richardson, and Miss Sinclair after her, crowd their pages with close colored moments. There are long dark stretches in both books. But the effect of this method is always vivid and intense. Every part of their canvases throbs with immediacy. In each case the author is dealing not with the bony structure of a novel so much as with the intricate play of responsive nerves. Like life, these histories lack a plot; they are held together simply by that personality which is the river-bed of a streaming consciousness.

It follows that such biography has somewhat the quality of autobiography. In the case of Miss Sinclair there is some internal evidence that might suggest this. Mary Olivier seems to gather up and concentrate so much of what showed itself in Miss Sinclair's earlier work. Apart from the informing idealism, there is the emphasis on what Veblen calls "the dead hand of the parent," which was felt more heavily by the generation preceding our own. There is Mary's life in Garth, the Garth of *The Three Sisters*, with its windy moors and circumscribed liveli. There is Mary's omnivorous persistent intellectual curiosity, stronger than everything except her mother's peculiar jealous

power. There is finally, if foremost, Mary's unique apprehension of experience. How old these preoccupations are, how bound up with the author's previous accomplishment, her personal and intellectual history, is more or less apparent. In this connection I may be permitted to quote what I said about May Sinclair in *Reedy's Mirror* a year ago:

The final thing [in "*The Tree of Heaven*"] is not the triumph of the spirit half so clearly as it is the thwarting of the flesh. And for such an idealist as May Sinclair the two are wonderfully one.

That would seem to be her conclusive message. In all her novels she draws men and women torn and baffled by sex, by genius, by the ineluctable demand for life. She shows them yielding to this demand, some flinching more terribly than others, but all at the mercy of a will stronger than themselves. She shows them in rebellion against that will, and in their transcendent moments reconciling their own impulses to the larger power. She does not deny the flesh. Rather through it she reaffirms the spirit. And yet in all her work is visible a puritanic strain, a vision of the unearthly immortal passion that surmounts the cravings for finite satisfaction, and finds its peace in the embrace of an impalpable reality.

So in Mary Olivier we find the middle-aged woman, utterly alone, utterly at one with that discovered reality. In clipped characteristic style we have her eventual persuasion:

The grace of God was a real thing. It was that miracle of perfect happiness, with all its queerness, its divine certainty and uncertainty. The Christians knew at least one thing about it; they could see that it had nothing to do with deserving. But it had nothing to do with believing, either, or with being good and getting into heaven. It *was* heaven. It had to do with beauty, absolutely un-moral beauty, more than anything else.

She couldn't see the way of it beyond that. It had come to her when she was a child in brilliant, clear flashes; it had come again and again in her adolescence, with more brilliant and clearer flashes; then, after leaving her for twenty-three years, it had come like this—streaming in and out of her till its ebb and flow were the rhythm of her life.

Herein the author and the subject seem inextricably confused. Miss Sinclair writing about Mary's infant susceptibilities, about Mary's avid philosophizing, about Mary amid the provincial society and the lonely beauty of Garth, gives us a distinct person. Miss Sinclair writing about Mary's brothers and certain of her friends hedges and blurs her canvas. Something gets in her way, not Mary's way but the author's way, so that their charm becomes factitious and their dreadfulness strangely vague. She deals with Mary Olivier's consciousness from infancy through middle age. She uses not quite 400 pages in which to deal with it. Miss Richardson deals with Miriam Henderson's consciousness, beginning with her seventeenth

year, and in this fourth volume showing her young woman at twenty-one. Obviously Miss Richardson's pilgrimage is a more leisurely one. Perhaps on this account she conveys more vividly than Miss Sinclair the thing both are trying for. But the search for reality, reality which, like happiness, is not won but experienced—which happens to one, like love, like any accident, is Dorothy Richardson's reality too.

In every volume of *Pilgrimage*, Miss Richardson gives us Miriam's experience solely, and almost completely. The gaps are the gaps in Miriam's consciousness, not those of the writer's prejudices. The things that are important are those that strike Miriam with the right arresting force. Miriam's life, it is true, is much freer than Mary's. Never enslaved by a maternal jealousy that existed as actually for her as it did for Miss Sinclair's protagonist, Miriam was released early to go her own way. In *The Tunnel* she is more definitely going it than in any of the earlier books. Even though she doesn't know where she is coming out.

But here she is in London, a "dental secretary," with a room and a life of her own. London is not as vivid as the Germany of *Pointed Roofs*. Perhaps because the continuity is broken by its varied appeals: the daily labor in the office, the contacts there with the three dentists, each so definitely engraved upon her mind; the lectures in Albemarle Street; the week ends with Harriet and Gerald, or at Alma's clever gatherings; the rich evenings, draped in a bath-towel, smoking cigarettes, and talking with glorious content, free and aware and interested, with the girls in Bloomsbury. But for all the variety of her London life, in contrast with the limited contacts of the German or English school-rooms, the Miriam of *The Tunnel* differs from the Miriam of the earlier volumes only in her more instructed grasp of experience. A serene liberty radiates out of even the bleaker hours.

Reasoning, much more than invention, is the child of necessity. Miriam at twenty-one has more impinging people and events to reason about than she ever had before. Possibly because her difficulties at worst are less than those of Mary Olivier, Miriam's philosophy seems not so much a straining after compensatory perfection as a reasoning acceptance of it. Compare the passage quoted above with the following from *The Tunnel*:

... Perhaps there is happiness only in the things one does deliberately without a visible reason; drifting off to Germany, because it called; coming here today . . . in freedom. If you are free, you are alive . . . nothing that happens in the part of your life that is not free, the part you do and are paid for, is alive. Today, because I am free I am the same person as I was when I was there, but much stronger and happier because I know it. As long as I can sometimes feel like this, nothing has mattered. Life is a chain of happy moments that cannot die.

The conclusion is the same for the middle-aged woman whom Miss Sinclair drags through so much dreary sacrifice as it is for the girl whom Miss Richardson shows moving through life so deliberately without a visible reason. It is a conclusion that is shared by adolescents and middle-aged people. It is not improbably related to sexual satisfaction, which Mary's liaison, tardy and brief, and Miriam's curiously happy loneliness do not achieve. Granted its subjectivity, it has all the "sting" of personal experience, all the imperative-ness of passionate belief. Mary Olivier reads like a fictional transcription of Miss Sinclair's *Defense of Idealism*. To a degree *The Tunnel* reads the same way. *The Tunnel* has passages that ring with the final authenticity of the dictaphone. Certainly Mary Olivier has them too. In both cases there is that element of "return" to a transcendent reality which is reminiscent of poetry, that sensitive apprehension which makes for living prose.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

To Timarion

Had I the thrush's throat, I could not sing you
Songs sweeter than his own, and I'm too poor
To lay the gifts that other lovers bring you
Low at your silver door.

Such as I have, I give. See, for your taking
Tired hands are here, and feet grown dark with dust;
Here's a lost hope, and here a heart whose aching
Grows greater than its trust.

Sleep on, you will not hear me. But tomorrow
You will remember in your fragrant ways,
Finding the voice of twilight and my sorrow
Lovelier than all mens' praise.

M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

THE ELEVENTH NOVEMBER IS A DAY DEDICATE TO the white boutonniere of peace. But the particular Peace to which this day is specially dedicate is the twilight peace of the Armistice, which is of a peculiar and distinctive character. It is peace, but it is not marked by any degree of tranquility or good will, nor has it displaced martial law. It is in good part made up of alarms and recrimination, of intrigue and hostilities, and it is hedged about with fire, famine, and pestilence. It is a peace of a very special character, peculiar and distinctive. The twelve months which have elapsed since the Armistice will show a larger expenditure for military operations and a larger total of warlike atrocities than any recorded twelve months of war, prior to the Great War of which this Peace is the aftermath. It was a peculiar peace in its inception, in that it was concluded in order to engage in a fight; and it has been a peculiar peace in its further course, in that it shows a steadily rising tide of quarrels, armaments, hostilities, expenditures, bankruptcies, and violations of international law, throughout these twelve months of its prosecution hitherto.

In view of this comfortless state of things it may be worth while to stop and take stock of the circumstances which precipitated this peace of intrigue and atrocities upon the civilized nations; what was bargained for and what has been got. The elder statesmen who negotiated the peace have faithfully observed the punctilios of secret diplomacy, and have given no sign as to what the bargaining was all about; but the past twelve months have brought much circumstantial evidence to the surface. So it is fairly plain now that it was a negotiated peace, in the nature of a compromise with the Central Powers, negotiated hastily to avert a collapse of the German military organization; such as would unavoidably have followed on a further three-months prosecution of the campaign on the western front. This hasty, and, in a sense, premature, conclusion of hostilities could scarcely have been other than designed by the high political command which had the bargaining to do. It left the German military establishment standing in a passably serviceable state, and it left also the German Imperial organization virtually intact under a perfunctory mask of democratic forms. Among the Guardians of the established order there appears plainly to have been a growing realization—first voiced by the Lansdowne letters—that the vested interests of property and class rule in the countries

of the Entente must for their own benefit make common cause with the like interests in the countries of the Central Powers if they were successfully to make head against their common enemy—the increasingly uneasy underlying population on both sides. A prostrate and completely discredited German military establishment, such as another three months would have left, and a broken and emptied imperial organization, such as the same three months would have left—with such an outcome of the war the German states would have gone Red and would have been fit to make trouble for none but themselves. Germany in that case would have been of no use for stabilizing things on the basis of the status quo ante, and the status quo ante has always been the object of the elder statesmen's affections and solicitude. Guardians of the Vested Interests, the elder statesmen sorely needed the bulwark of a practicable German Empire to serve as a bar against the spread of Bolshevism out of Soviet Russia, and they likewise needed the active use of a practicable German military establishment to defeat Bolshevism by fire, sword, and famine, in and out of Soviet Russia. Therefore it would not be expedient to break the Central Powers utterly, by another three months advance on the western front. The policy with regard to Soviet Russia became the acid test of Entente politics, in war and peace. The line of incentives which under this acid test brought the war to its premature termination, and which has continued to drive the policies of the Allied Powers and direct their maneuvers during the past twelve months, appears to be almost wholly comprised in the proposition that Bolshevism is a menace to absentee ownership. It is another, and hitherto an open question, how near the elder statesmen are likely to realize their sanguine hope of subduing Soviet Russia by use of a subservient German military establishment.

AMERICA'S MOST ARDENT INTERVENTIONIST CAN accuse the Mexican Government of nothing worse than inability and unwillingness to protect the rights of person and property from bandit depredations, and the determination on its own part to confiscate private property in the form of oil rights. If Carranza lacks strength, we might conceivably allow him to purchase and ship to Mexico the munitions he is so much in need of. If there is a disposition on the part of Mexicans, in and out of the Government, to regard Americans as enemies of

Mexico, we might prove that we are not enemies by acting the part of friends; perhaps by putting a stop to gun-running, and to the subsidizing of bandit operations by the oil interests. It is barely possible that the oil interventionists will not be able to obscure the reasonableness of these propositions. The second criticism of the Mexican Government is entirely of another order; it belongs rather to the polity of the industrial future than to that of the political past. The Mexican Government, they say, is revolutionary, in that it threatens to confiscate private property. Exactly what Carranza does meditate doing in this matter it is impossible to say; authorities disagree in their interpretations of the Mexican oil legislation, and in their predictions as to the turn enforcement will take. But in order that the essential proposition may stand alone, unburdened of all disputations as to matters of fact, let us suppose that the Mexican Government is about to confiscate all the privately owned oil wells in Mexico, without respect to the nationality of the owners, and that no provision has been made or will be made for the indemnification of these owners. We come then flat against this question: for the future, is any economic readjustment which involves the confiscation of foreign-owned property to be considered a *casus belli* by the government to which the dispossessed owners belong? If the answer is Yes, then we are already liable to Great Britain for the full amount of the British investments in the liquor business in this country. And if our railroads are nationalized under any arrangement that approaches confiscation, we shall have to float another Liberty Loan for the benefit of British investors, or else run the risk of most distressing diplomatic complications with His Majesty's Government. In a word, the principle of pro-property intervention is as broad, as reactionary, and withal as dangerous as Metternich's doctrine of legitimacy. If such a principle is accepted, then the world, ripe now for every sort of economic experimentation, is condemned already to a series of proprietarian crusades more destructive than the royalist wars of the Holy Alliance.

THE PATRIOTIC OFFICERS OF THE UNITED MINE Workers we are sure would not call the determination of the coal operators' to precipitate a strike and the move of the Federal authorities to break the strike after it was called, collusion. They might admit, with prayers of forgiveness on their lips for any suggestion of heresy, that it was a case of like mindedness. Just as the President's telegram of congratulations to Governor Coolidge was prompted by an overflow of emotional sympathy, so were the Attorney General's peremptory orders to the union a response in sympathy with the operators. As a matter of fact a recognition of likemindedness has more important bearings on the case than a charge of collusion. A condition

of likemindedness indeed between government administrators and coal operators is a matter which the public and the mine workers cannot afford to pass over even if the officials of the Miners' Union are blinded in their subservieny. While the country does not expect the owners of the coal mines to operate the mines on any other principle than that of "business as usual," it supports a republican form of government on the theory that exploitation of natural resources has its limits, limits that, if publicly known, will not long be publicly endured. The point at issue now is that the limits have been passed, that is, the extent of the exploitation is known. The mismanagement of the coal resources is a public scandal and the mine officials in obeying the order of the government are supporting the government in its spiritual collusion with the operators in their gross abuse of the nation's fuel resources. No one knows better than the miners that the coal mines must be guarded for the public good against piracy. But the officers of the union have failed to face the issue and have even pleaded with citizens to make no mention of a transfer from private to public control. Their failure to meet their trust as the Railroad Brotherhood met theirs in relation to the mismanagement of transportation is commensurate with their failure to maintain the position of defense which the trade union movement represents in its long fight for the right to strike. They failed the membership of their union and the whole organized labor movement when they complied with the order of an attorney general who amplified the significance of his order in the following statement:

While the right to strike in all ordinary industries, under normal circumstances, cannot be denied, *there are some callings which are so closely related to the life, liberty, and security of the people that the right to strike in those cases must be subordinated to the superior right of the public to enjoy uninterrupted service. Where the right of collective bargaining has been recognized and the peaceful processes of settlement of disputes has been offered and rejected, no Government worthy of the name can permit the strike weapon to be used to enforce the demands of a single class of workers at the expense of all the people.*

This statement gave them the opportunity if they had been men enough to use it to reply that callings "too closely related to the life, liberty and the security of the people" to permit the workers' use of the strike are likewise too close to permit their manipulation for private profit. The miners' officials are taking chances with their membership, for their representatives ordered them to call a strike and at the same convention endorsed the Plumb Plan. The movement to overthrow union officials incapable of adjusting policy to the new industrial spirit which is struggling against odds to be born is illustrated in a number of organizations at the present time where the double fight is being carried on against officers and employers who the men charge are in collusion under the guise of patriotism for motives of profit.

Casual Comment

THE FALL BOOK GOSSIP HAS HAD MUCH TO SAY about the invasion of the best-seller list by such names as Conrad, Bojer, and Ibanez. The Chambers-Wright-Rinehart school still holds its place, but its monopoly is no more; the best, and those later comers who aspire to the best—as Walpole, Maugham, and May Sinclair—are increasingly in evidence; and the list, hitherto saccharine to nausea, begins to afford the tonic bitter-sweet of reality. But the innumerable explanations of this phenomenon, pertinent or impertinent, have pretty much overlooked one salient factor in the change—the intellectual independence and business courage of certain of the newer publishing houses, as notably Knopf, Huebsch, and Boni & Liveright. Such concerns have from time to time rasped the taste of a public too long accustomed to the conservative canons of the established publishers (themselves innovators in their day), but that is as nothing beside their services toward our growing cosmopolitanism and on behalf of our own younger writers: if sometimes they have outraged our taste, they have steadily operated to expand, liberalize, and raise it. So booklovers cannot but welcome this year's additions to the ranks of serious general publishers. Comes the firm of Harcourt, Brace & Howe, whose first two members have served a long apprenticeship in Henry Holt & Co., with a catholic fall list that must delight all liberal readers. Comes also Scott & Seltzer, whose members have also had practical publishing experience, introducing here the work of Douglas Goldring, providing the first authoritative biography of Lenin, and opening the American book market to Gregory Zilboorg. And if the issuing of Corinne Lowe's novel *Saul* may be accepted as an indication of policy from the James A. McCann Co., here is a third comer whose lists the discriminating reader must shortly reckon with.

MEANWHILE THERE ARE OTHER DEVELOPMENTS to encourage the devotee of letters. That literature has long sold as widely in Europe as book merchandise sells here—and we have lately had astonishing statistics from Scandinavia to prove it—was considered indicative of nothing but American provincialism until the success of the Everyman and Modern Library series demonstrated how very many Americans would buy literature if only it were made accessible at prices approaching those set by, for example, the famous Tauchnitz series. This field the Four Seas Co., of Boston, now enters with its International Pocket Library of good books at twenty-five cents each. The idea begins to command the attention it deserves: witness the fact that the prize in the New York Sun's recent contest for the best letters on the book trade went to a lengthy dis-

cussion, by Mr. Simonson of the Wall Street Journal, of the possibilities of binding American books in paper. There is moreover a growing specialization in subject matter. One begins to look to Houghton Mifflin for the best in biography, to Macmillan for the most considered sociology, to Scribner for the most attractive travel books, to Lippincott for the latest works in certain branches of science, and so on. This year the A. W. Shaw Co., of Chicago, is making a holiday drive on the general retail market with its various series of business books—gift books destined to longer and more useful lives than the best-sellers they will in many cases replace. That book shops devoted primarily to poetry are succeeding in many cities suggests that a similar specialization of subject matter may eventually make the retail book service more intelligent and efficient than it has been since advertising and modern merchandising drove the old-fashioned well-read bookseller from his corner stall. Religion, at least, is to have this service in New York, where the various publishers of religious books last month cooperated to open the Religious Book Shop. All these items are no more than vanes in the weather—they may indicate a prevailing wind; they do not prove a gale. Yet it may not be many seasons before rising costs and the increasing complexity of publishing will themselves have forced an organization of the book trade for literature no less than for best-sellers, so that our last state may after all be better than our first.

THERE HAS EXISTED FOR SOME YEARS A LEGEND concerning the appearance on these shores of that rare bird, The Great American Novel. It is a beautiful legend. And many people, even some who laugh at it in public, give it privately the benefit of a doubt. So carefully has the lonely critical sense been instructed in this legend that every now and then the critic, eager to be the first on the scent, goes belling down the wind of journalism a grand discovery.

Such tidings of great joy echo in certain phrases recently applied to the first novel of Henry K. Marks, a man who is, by his own admission at least, no novelist (Peter Middleton; Badger, Boston). It is said that his book is "a remarkable piece of writing," "a tragedy of the most terrible sort," and that it "should be the first novel of any writer is fairly incredible." It is compared, most favorably, with Jennie Gerhardt and Ethan Frome. One enthusiast declares that Dreiser would wish he had written it, and Chambers would sit up all night to finish it. Or perhaps the other way around.

The subject is indubitably interesting. The book concerns a man whose soul is sexless. The study of this abnormal type is rich in fascination for the psychologist. The author of the book happens to be a physician. The emphasis, then, is rather upon Peter's victimization by a syphilitic prostitute and

a fashionable doctor than upon his sexual and artistic impotence. Peter contracts the disease, moreover, in a quixotic, an utterly naive and utterly absurd performance which enables his wife to get the divorce she craves. The physician's bias is as clear in the Dickensian description of the fashionable Dr. Bottomley as in the nurse's chart describing Peter's illness, neither of which stir any emotion save ennui. The psychologist is simply not there. Every character except Peter is typical, from his charming extravagant first wife to his maternal friend, Elizabeth Lissinger, and his bourgeois mother-in-law. And Peter, the really interesting, perfectly credible exception, the center of the story, is so unreal as to be totally unsympathetic. As for the remarkable writing, there is any amount of it, largely of this order:

Four days out—nine, ten, eleven days more, what cared the philosophic old boat provided it got there? Second class indeed! Ah, but that was youth's way with age, man's ways with time-tried service. So it must have talked as it creaked along in the vast space of the night, meeting its old friends, the stars and the moon—and perhaps the self-same spray that had danced and leapt against it years before.

Of course this may be the sort of thing that Dreiser enjoys in his leisure moments. It may be what awakens the sluggish admiration of Chambers. As for the critics, is it despair of the G. A. N. that moves them to this wonderful praise? Is it that they cannot resist their little joke? Is it that the critics, sated with the brilliant superficiality of Chambers' school, mistake the stigmata of mediocrity for the sober penetrations of genius?

SOMEWHAT OUT OF THE ZENITH THERE DESCENDED but yesterday a whole grist of an elfish and original book entitled in the most pertinent manner *Forms Suggested for Telegraph Messages*. And this descent was in the very nick of time; for, after a period of inutility, the telegraph wires that string th's country like an arch-lute had just become once more a possible feature of the national life. It is marvelously interesting to speculate on the necessity for these suggested forms: whether the mind of man, during that intercalary period, lost the trick of formulating a message, or whether only such a judicious bit of publicity could recall business and pleasure to the old, ante-bellum uses of telegraphy.

In any case here is a book of forms appropriate to all the minor occasions. The festival days and the days of nativity and demise, congratulatory burbles and every sort of condolence, all are phrased for you in generous amplitude and particular taste. There is no lack of messages, either for young or old, in a strictly social sense. If there is a lack at all, it will surely be found in the omission of major instances for the man of large affairs. He is indeed neglected. Of course, a second volume may be projected in the sum of time, and th's should comprise finger-tip messages for sellers in

jute and junk, for buyers in oils and eggs, and that sort. Such messages, in order to be commensurable with the life-and-death rapidity of business, should be numbered wisely and a book of them issued to each of the dramatis personae. Touching jute, or eggs, in a godlike deal, it would be sufficient to send the number of the right message. Let the other man consult his book for meanings!

All this however is but a prefiguration of the future. Much has already been accomplished in a really big way, and the country at large is pleased to reflect a smile of gratitude. For instance, a parent (or parents) aware of the matrimonial designs of a son or daughter, may cull and put on the wires a message like this:

My (our) deep concern. I (we) am (are) eagerly awaiting your decision, although I (we) realize that nothing I (we) say or do can (will) (ought to) make any difference. You are a man (woman) and you know her (him) better than I (we).

Note: Such a message may be sent "most cheaply" as a Night Letter of fifty words at the cost of a "ten-word full rate message"; or it may be sent as a Day Letter of fifty words for one and one-half the cost of the conventional message. The sender will feel his purse. See introduction.

How noble is this expression to either parent of a new-born child:

I (we) am (are) delighted to hear of the birth of your first (second) (third) (fourth) son (daughter). I (we) congratulate its (his) (her) mother (father). Kiss it (him) (her) for me (us). My (our) love.

Or this timely condescendence of words for Thanksgiving Day:

That I (we) am (are) separated from my (our) own (ours) is a cause of sorrow to me (us), and though I (we) cannot be with my (our) friend (friends) today, I (we) hope my (our) dear one (ones) is (are) thinking of me (us) as I (we) think of them (him) (her).

At a loss for the proper message in the event of a person's succeeding in life, nothing could more feathily envisage the moment than the following:

I (we) congratulate you on your school (college) (political) (professional) success. I (we) am (are) justly proud of my (our) son (daughter) (friend) (congressman) (doctor). I (we) hear on every side only expressions of satisfaction. You have the support of the best element, of whom (which) I (we) am (are) one (ones).

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Communications

CONRAD AIKEN IS QUESTIONED

SIR: It is not difficult for a contemporary to tell his sister-poet that she abides our question. Nor would it be difficult for Amy Lowell, if she also were equipped with the new tool of criticism, analytic psychology, to prove that Conrad Aiken is in as dubious a position as he makes her out to be. Mr. Aiken speaks with scientific accuracy when he points out that poetry must not lean either too much toward the unconscious or the conscious mind, toward inspiration or control; but that, starting as a definite compulsion, as a definite eruption of mood, of sound perhaps and image, from the unconscious, it must almost simultaneously be shaped by the poet as it comes, so that there is a cooperation. I am not, of course, quoting him, but rather interpreting his penetrative remarks.

His criticism intrigued me to go buy his last book, *The Charnel Rose*, and read *Senlin*. And I enjoyed reading *Senlin*. I didn't at all seem to be reading direct poetry, but rather listening to the echoes of poetry; and these echoes held flashes of meaning which disappeared in repetitive reverberations, moony and eerie, thudding all about me, and leaving me at the end with just the sort of overtones that a powerful but unremembered dream leaves in the morning. And I also felt tired.

Then I saw the gulf, which separates Amy Lowell from Conrad Aiken, and which would perhaps make it difficult for them to care much for the work of the other. Using the words in their purely subjective sense, I should say that Aiken is a feminine poet, and Amy Lowell a masculine. I mean that Aiken leans over backward toward the unconscious; comes pretty near being that flute he speaks of, which the unconscious uses for its sounding phantasies. He, like Poe and the lyric Shelley, has a passive and acquiescent attitude toward the Logos, and allows himself to be an instrument. Amy Lowell goes to the other extreme. When she says she is waiting for an idea, that does not necessarily mean that she ignores inspiration, mood. It probably means that the mood is there, shadowy, vague, with all the nonsense formation through which the unconscious speaks. What she wants is a tool of the intellect with which to seize on the treasure of the mood and wrestle it into good human shape, full of meaning, sharp and vivid. She has, in other words, a more aggressive attitude toward the unconscious, a masculine attitude. As Ibsen said: "He struggles with his marble blocks, I dare say . . . and wins the fight in the end . . . subdues and masters his material."

Here are two extremes. There is, also, a third way. Walt Whitman hints at it when he says:

I believe in you my soul, the other I am
must not abase itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other.

Here is the suggestion of both receptivity and conscious mastery, a recognition that while the un-

conscious has great values, the conscious ego also has great values, and that the greatest expression must necessarily be a merger of both. And this, I take it, is what distinguishes great art from minor art: that perfect fusion of the internal and external, dark enchantment with sunlight on it. . . .

It is a temptation to the critic, if he happens to be an artist, to exclude his own opposite from a niche in his hall of fame. Conrad Aiken ought to be a better psychologist; for as a poet, he also abides our question.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

[EDITORS' NOTE: In fairness to Mr. Aiken it should be explained that the title of his review, *Miss Lowell Abides Our Question*, was substituted by the editors for his own title, *A Poet Adds a Cubit*, which seemed to them ambiguous. Also, that the proofreader made his second sentence begin "Used by the intelligent" instead of:

Used by the *unintelligent* the phrase is taken to mean that whatever the poet writes is "inspired"; that he cannot possibly obtain any control of the strange instrument which has been given him.

— AND REPLIES

SIR: A great part of Mr. Oppenheim's objection to my treatment of Amy Lowell's book was no doubt due to the title, and to the error in proofreading which committed me to a statement that the poet "cannot possibly obtain control of the strange instrument which has been given him"; but I should like also, if I may, to touch on one or two other points which he raises, for I am inclined to think that even despite these misleadings Mr. Oppenheim, had he read my review a little more neutrally, need not so completely have misconceived my attitude. In the very first paragraph I think I made it clear that while "there must always be at bottom this daemon of the subconscious, to set the waters darkly in motion" nevertheless "the poet should, and can, take his part in the affair," and further that a poet "grows more or less in proportion to his achievement of this control." This should have made it clear enough, I think, that it was not my intention to be merely an apologist for the "possessed" type of poet, or to belittle the "conscious" artist, so much as to examine the particular case of Amy Lowell, and to demonstrate not that the "conscious" artist is the inferior type but merely that as a "conscious" artist Amy Lowell is not wholly successful. In the course of a review of John Gould Fletcher's last book I once asked: "Are these lyrics an earnest of further development, and will Mr. Fletcher pass to that other plane of art, that of the possessor artist, the artist who foresees and forges, who calculates his effects?" In the course of a review of Alan Seeger I once remarked: "There is, of course, another type of artist—the type to which Shakespeare, Euripides, Balzac, Turgenev, and Meredith belong—which develops the pleasure principle and the reality principle side by side, achieving the perfect balance which we call greatness." I could quote other

statements in the same tenor, but these are perhaps enough to show that even if my temperament is, as Mr. Oppenheim says it is, that of "passive and acquiescent attitude toward the Logos," I am not very much the dupe of it. I have more often reproached contemporary poets for lack of "control" than for lack of emotivity; certainly as often.

"It is a temptation to the critic," says Mr. Oppenheim, "if he happens to be an artist, to exclude his own opposite from a niche in his hall of fame. Conrad Aiken ought to be a better psychologist: for as a poet, he also abides our question." True: but Mr. Oppenheim hardly puts it strongly enough. It is not a temptation, it is a necessity; one cannot like what one does not like, nor dislike what one does not dislike, though one can of course perceive and confess one's limitations. What sins I commit as a result of this necessity I commit with my eyes open, and am willing to suffer for: I am not so naive as Mr. Oppenheim thinks. May I refer him to the preface of my book on contemporary poetry, where the entire question is discussed with fearful candor? CONRAD AIKEN.

EDUCATION AND ESTHETICS IN ART MUSEUMS

SIR: IN THE DIAL for September 20, the courteous and appreciative reviewer of a book called *Museum Ideals of Purpose and Method*, by I. Gilman, writes that museum management has passed through two phases in recent years. Through the Victorian Era of Ruskin and the Tate Gallery the importance ascribed to the intellectual content of works of art influenced museums toward an educational theory of their function; while in the present era of Morris and the Japanese the importance ascribed to the decorative content of works of art in its turn influences museums toward an esthetic theory.

This historical allusion tends to obscure the theoretic distinction which it seeks to illuminate. In the reported language of the poet laureate of England, the esthetic theory does not "give a damn" for the difference between the intellectual and the decorative content of works of art. It claims for any and every form of artistic intention precedence in museums over all other interests that may attach to works of art, among them the educational. The theoretic distinction in question corresponds not to the difference of one content from another—the representative from the ornamental—but that of all content from that which is not content at all. It will be better for art and its museums when people come to realize that the paramount purpose of the exhibition of a work of art is to forward public apprehension of what the artist said in it, whatever that was; and that to forward public apprehension of what archaeologists or others have said about it is a secondary purpose purely. This simple truth is the esthetic theory insistently reiterated, as the reviewer notes, by "I. Gilman" in *Museum Ideals*. BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN.

Notes on New Books

JEREMY. By Hugh Walpole. 304 pages. Doran.

Jeremy is delightfully compounded of memory and imagination. Probably every author longs to write one book that will preserve the precious and incommunicable recollections of his early years, and yet give his fancy free rein as well. The autobiographical novel is frequently the best work of a writer's career, because it not only reflects life with fidelity, but irradiates it with love. Jeremy shows realism and affectionate fancy, but it is not so impressive as Walpole's Russian novels, or such a mordant study of English life as *The Duchess of Wrexhe*. This record of a childhood in a quiet English home almost thirty years ago is given with sympathy and charm. The eight-year-old boy is a personality to be doted on and respected, even though his elders often fail to understand him. He seems more vigorous, more appealing, in the first chapters than in some of the later ones, where the reader wishes he could push things along a bit. The book, in fact, drags in the middle—a fact which the author himself half-concedes, in admitting that Jeremy's life is unadventurous. He ascribes that fact to the phalanx of spinsters and clergymen who surround him. To Tom Sawyer and Penrod, Jeremy's lot would seem tame! No boys to play with, nobody to fight save the Dean's hateful Ernest! Still, there's Hamlet, that tragi-comic pup, for companionship, and Jeremy lives largely in his spirit, to which impregnable castle no nurse or maiden aunt or curate can pursue him. A grown-up Jeremy would be greatly worth knowing, and we may hope that Mr. Walpole will tell about him some day. In the meantime, children and adults will enjoy the present book for its humor, its cleverness of character drawing, and its understanding of the child heart.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE AND PLAYLETS OF THE WAR. By Bernard Shaw. 295 pages. Brentano.

Ten years ago Bernard Shaw had no rival in the modern English drama. Today his only rival is the self that had mellowed into maturity before *Misalliance* was written. It is in comparison with his Major Barbaric strength and sureness and vitality that the Shaw of 1919 seems a little jaded and conventional. For *Heartbreak House* has neither the resolute consecutiveness of the philosophic dialogue nor the mobile adaptation of phrase to plot which marks the genuine drama: it is indeed merely a continuation of that interminable weekend which began in *Getting Married* and paused with a shriek of desperation in *Misalliance*. This, Mr. Shaw might urge, is no reflection upon his dramatic abilities: it is rather a criticism of that segment of leisured society which he essays to depict. Such

a defense might extenuate the selection of materials, let us grant, but it does not account for the failure in manipulating them. Mr. Shaw cannot escape the responsibility for his present dramatic ineptitude by calling *Heartbreak House* a fantasia in the Russian manner. Chekhov drew with convincing lifelikeness a society in which the characters were molded most subtly into symbols: Shaw has created only a caricature because his symbols are cast nakedly as characters. Ellie is not a girl: she is the younger generation; Lady Utterword is not a woman: she is the ruling class; Captain Shotover is not a skipper: he is the embodiment of Jovean wisdom, made muzzy and incalculable by age. Passing from the flashing exposition of the preface to the titillating chatter of *Heartbreak House* one feels that the sparkling wine of reality has been translated into the colored water of amateur theatricals. The shorter plays, especially *Great Catherine*, come off rather better; but the volume as a whole leaves the impression that Mr. Shaw has grown out of his medium, and continues to write within its conventions only because he is so thoroughly adjusted to them. It is time that he returned to the incursive freedoms of the journalistic novel. If only to set a pace for the younger generation in the use of heroic prose the satirist of *Heartbreak House* and *Horseback Hall* should take up again the work of his nonage. His new plays must risk comparison with his old ones: a new novel would, on the contrary, jolt the literary stars out of their orbits and deflect the light of a dozen established reputations.

PINK ROSES. By Gilbert Cannan. 335 pages. Doran.

When the long arm of coincidence can be seen in the process of stretching, its elbow bending and its fingers curling to drag characters into a plot, the sterling quality of a book is necessarily weakened. Gilbert Cannan wraps his new bouquet of *Pink Roses* with the too-heavy tinfoil of a plot. If people would just sensibly content themselves with the character analysis of an idealist left in war-ridden London trying to understand what it is all about! But no, they insist on a story; so Trevor Mathew must be bound by a plot and compelled to meet just those people his author chooses for him. Yet, despite the fact that Mr. Cannan gives creaky warning that Trevor must meet a particular character when and how Mr. Cannan chooses, and then proceeds to let them match ideas on the world and its future, he has succeeded in expressing a phase of the war which has escaped even the most diligent and discerning reporters. For he has shown us in cross-section the stodgy Times-reading barrister, the prostitute, the specialist called to the war ministry, the rejected man, and the adolescent youths of both sexes, in their attitude toward the London of war time. The attempt to interpret the flaming present in terms of a past that has failed to realize

its ideals is given to youth only; nay to the chosen youth of the day. And they find that there is no connection. The elders are lost in the details of the moment. This is Mr. Cannan's conclusion. A new social order is peering over the horizon, an order in which yesterday's ideals may become today's realities. Only a fiery few need understand; the others, as always, will drink deep of the new day and fellow without quite knowing why.

THE CALL OF THE SOIL. By Adrien Bertrand. 227 pages. Lane.

It is one thing to believe that a particular war is worth while for its objects. It is quite another to believe that War as such is worth while for itself. Propaganda to the contrary, few people will deny that even in the early ecstasy of 1914 there were some Germans who regarded the war as an ill means to a great end; and on the other hand no reader of *The Call of the Soil*—crowned by Anatole France and others with the *Prix Goncourt* for 1916—can fail to realize that in France the worth of war for its own sake has not been altogether unappreciated.

In this war novel by an author who himself met death in the war, one reads:

The moral grandeur of war . . . consists of making us live with the idea of death . . . Considered in itself, war is humanity's crowning disgrace, but those who can read in the hearts of the men who urge [war?] it will see in war the sanctification of the race.

And this:

. . . Never before has so much beauty and nobility of character been cast like grain before the quickening winds that breathe over the land.

Not alone for its salutary effect upon her sons, but because it imposed upon the country a regime of "method, discipline and order," the war was a blessing to France. Germany had learned this lesson, and the learning had prepared her to take such a place in world affairs as was once held by the France of Louis XIV. Hopefully the war might leave the French state again "as rigidly ordered as the gardens of Versailles"—its citizens "not men at all, but part of the soil of France." By his very nature, of course, man is suited to this scheme of life; whether he worships before the might of Heaven, or bows to the inscrutable laws of destiny and reason, he is above all "a submissive animal," easily absorbed and completely lost in a nation which had learned on the battlefield "the virtues of self-sacrifice, enthusiasm and discipline."

It is unfortunate that this novelization of the theories of militarism and the Great State was not imported into the United States while the war for peace and democracy was still in progress. At that time it might have served as a hardly believable warning against a coming cataclysm. Today the book is no more than a mournful and mocking "I told you so!"

SONIA MARRIED. By Stephen McKenna. 370 pages. Doran.

David O'Rane, blinded in battle, returns to London "prepared to practise the Sermon on the Mount in a tweed suit and soft hat." Since only a prig would attempt to make Christianity effective in more peculiar kind of costume, Raney might have made out of his existence something more than a sonnet sequence on *The New Life* had it not been for Sonia. Raney and Sonia had been chums for many a long year before the war, while the Oakleighs and the Daintons and the Loring dawdled through adolescence and lapsed, after a bout at the University, into the feverish vapidity of London night life. Sonia had flouted Jim Loring out of an engagement and it was only after a career that compromised her reputation with everyone but Raney that, in a wave of tender feeling, she espoused our blind hero. With Sonia Married, we find the couple established in *The Sanctuary*, an old brick-and-timber warehouse, "near the Tate gallery." David O'Rane, in translating Christianity into English, evolves a sort of new feudalism, parallel—though the author apparently does not sense it—to the new monasticism of the University Settlement, and the large hall that one enters from Millbank Road is indiscreetly filled with exotic flowers from the House of Commons and the country house and the indigenous garbage of Hyde Park and the Embankment. Food and shelter and the society of benignant thoughts Raney offers everyone, and while his wife's appetite for life is at first sharpened by the new medley of odors and tastes he introduces, she presently sickens for the more solitary pleasures of connubial idolatry; and on maliciously fancying that Raney has become the lover of Hilda Meryon, his secretary, she begins a flirtation with two men, a poet and a parliamentarian, which ends in her becoming the mistress of Grayle, the parliamentarian—an ugly "arriviste." When Grayle, in the pursuit of his governmental ambitions, shortly casts Sonia off, she runs into concealment, is discovered alone and ill, and is taken back to *The Sanctuary* against her wishes under orders from that impregnable idealist, her husband. Realizing that he had bluntly hacked at the fine edges of his marital relations, Raney is prepared to forgive Sonia's hazardous departures, when he is informed that she is with child, as a result of her liaison with Grayle. The book ends with David in the act of bravely putting the mother's newborn infant under a parental wing which flutters, somewhat uncertainly, over the mother also. Fill out this bare outline of adventure with several attempts to indulge the stirring barbarities of homicide, add a large number of deft and circumstantial conversations about the meaning of the war and its conduct, brighten the canvas here and there with recognizable figures of historic importance, and you will have the quality of the facile Mr. McKenna's

latest novel. *Sonia Married* falls in the line of the brilliant Coningsby; but whereas Disraeli recognized the existence of two nations, young Mr. McKenna seems conscious only of one. Doubtless the patter and glitter of Mr. McKenna's world accounts in a measure for his early arrival at popularity. And in due time, unless his roots tap deeper soil, it will explain his equally early disappearance.

A BOOK OF PRINCETON VERSE: II, 1919. Edited by Henry Van Dyke, Morris William Croll, Maxwell Struthers Burt, and James Creese, Jr. 179 pages. Princeton University Press.

"It is surprising, and I must confess refreshing," remarks Dr. Van Dyke in the preface, "to find in this collection so few pieces written in what is called *vers libre*—the Bolshevism of poetry." A less partial critic might be equally surprised at the unacademic freedom of these young Princeton poets. Fully a fourth of the writers represented are at home in the newer forms, and even those who are outwardly more conventional show a tendency to vitalize their work, transgressing the rules which were gospel to the Doctor and his earlier contemporaries. Only in his own poems—easily the worst of the volume—does the spirit of the Victorians survive in its entirety.

There is no outstanding figure among these poets—like Stephen Vincent Benét at Yale—to break the pattern of the book. One has a tendency to disregard the signatures; most of the verse might easily have been the work of one man. If John Peale Bishop excels the others, it is not because he differs from them, but rather that he carries their thoughts to more definite conclusions. Like the others he is attached deeply to the courts and meadows of Princeton. He reacts definitely like them to the mingled monotony and glory of the war. He too must disquiet his professors sometimes by the force of his poetic convictions. In fostering this volume, Dr. Van Dyke stands somewhat in the position of the hen who has raised a brood of ducklings. He urges gently, he admonishes, but nevertheless his charges venture into deep waters, leaving him standing alone and ridiculous on the shore.

DR. JONATHAN. By Winston Churchill. 159 pages. Macmillan.

Despite his avowed impatience with preaching, Mr. Churchill cannot resist the temptation to pulpitize considerably when he turns dramatist. In the present instance he is so intent upon his message, and so fearful lest its import elude the reader, that he keeps it spinning constantly through three acts, to the exclusion of any glint of humor and to the partial eclipse of the human element in his materials. Every voice that is raised is raised on one side or the other of its central thesis, and everybody seems to be busy making an occasion for something more to be added to the discussion. As

a contribution to the literature of modern industry, the play has its function, but as stuff of the theatre, we doubt if even its author was much surprised when "several managers politely declined to produce it."

We are introduced to a firm-handed, conservative industrial capitalist of New England, fair in his dealings if judged by his own standards and training, but resolutely opposed to labor unions. Under war production pressure, the men in his plant vote to strike. The capitalist holds out until his son, fighting in the belief that "the issue of this war is industrial democracy, without which political democracy is a farce," returns a shell-shock victim. Dr. Jonathan, a humanitarian scientist, tells the old fire-eater that he must meet the men's demands to save his son's life. The restoration of industrial peace upon a basis of parental sacrifice is perhaps too specialized a solution to point the way out of the modern chaos, but Mr. Churchill drives home his thesis, notwithstanding.

The weakness of Dr. Jonathan lies in the frail infusion of vitality into cardboard characters, whose outlines and whose work are accurately cut out for them by polemic shears. The industrial unrest, in its complexity and its baffling undercurrents, eludes even the most sincere attempt at three-act solution.

SMALL THINGS. By Margaret Deland. 326 pages. Appleton.

Small Things is a transcript of one phase of the war as seen through a woman's eyes. Yet, such are Mrs. Deland's gifts that, though she does not seek the firing line nor haunt the hospitals, we have a sense that here at last, in her gay reminiscences of small events, her reports of conversations with American soldiers and with French civilians we have—the war. Here, also, in narrative form, is a capable woman's evaluation of the *devoirs* of self-sacrifice paid by France. All of the tales of atrocity are compressed into two or three grisly chapters, dripping with blood and horror. For the rest Mrs. Deland accepts German cruelty as the horrid symptom of a pathological and degenerate child. Ever and again she sets the scene for a grim story, circles about it uncertainly, hesitates to set her teeth into it, and veers off artfully with a dramatic: "But I will not tell you what they did . . ." or "I have spared you one incredible detail," and is thereupon divertingly reminded of an amusing occurrence that happened at the Y. M. C. A. but the other evening. For the mood of *Small Things*, despite an occasional taint of sentimentalism—Mrs. Deland had the greatest difficulty in realizing that war heroes are not necessarily "heroic"—is one of sanity and wholesome good humor. The volume is a salutary antidote for the grisly war-sensationalism of a Rupert Hughes.

BODY AND RAIMENT. By Eunice Tietjens. 83 pages. Knopf.

The excellences of Mrs. Tietjens' latest volume make one the more regretful that she has been content to stuff it out with ineptitudes which come with a shock of disappointment. Like the little girl of proverbial extravagances, when she is good she is very very good, but when she is bad she is horrid. She is good when she goes her own way, when for all her "complex schooling" she chooses one interesting road and yields to another singular mood. She is bad when she lets a facility with rhyme and metre lead her into journalistic banalities, or, to a lesser degree, when she allows her admiration for Sara Teasdale's work to influence her own.

What one feels in this volume is more the things the author is striving for, than the emotion that impels her. The raiment is lovely and often original, but the power and insistence, the living marvel of the body is rather suggested than realized. Her most vivid moments come when she does the less ambitious thing, as in many of her love lyrics, in her poems in hospital, and, curiously enough, in the charming translations from the Japanese with which she concludes. Her war poems approach this level, but always stop just short of it. It may easily be that here the emotion was too intense for expression.

One of the curiosities of Mrs. Tietjens' method is her use of metrics. Her *vers libre* is seldom *vers libre*. She simply cuts her lines according to rhymes, leaving her metrical scheme intact, so that the effect is that of blank verse with internal rhymes. The strong feeling for metre may be at once what hinders her from absolute power in her larger efforts and what makes her slighter poems evocative. A sterner critical sense is what Mrs. Tietjens most needs. The material worthy of its employment is in her work.

THE SILVER AGE. By Temple Scott. 216 pages. Scott & Seltzer, New York.

Although this volume is launched in a fireside mood of reverie, with the first essay—which lends its title to the collection—cast in a mood of quiet reminiscence, there is an emphatic change of tone for the major portion of it. Most of the sketches—studies of character rather than deliberate attempts at story—are filled with the breath of youth, with an eager spirit of world conquest through the creation of beauty. There is no sighing over lost golden ages, nor lost silver ages either, but rather a clarion note of challenge to the oncoming workers. In pursuit of this theme, which turns the last of three of four sketches in the book into practical art symposiums, the theory of esthetics, and the theory of post-impressionism, and a half dozen kindred subjects in the field of art are thoroughly raked over the coals. Mr. Scott succeeds in putting fresh vital-

ity in certain rather frayed tenets, and they are borne in upon the reader's consciousness by the sanity and clarity of their expression. The two sketches entitled *An Odd Volume* and *Any Vinders to Mend?* are wrought with fine feeling and a sense for character drawing which brings them into clear relief. The old book peddler and the Polish glazier are deftly visualized and interpreted.

A group of artists and critics, arguing the meaning of art, and beauty, and "the Idea"—these provide the symposium of Fifth Avenue and the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and they reappear in subsequent pages, elaborating upon what they have already said. The author manages these scenes with skill, and builds up his artistic theories out of them. What he has to say is of a positive quality—a message which cannot be heard too often.

EDUCATION AND ARISTOCRACY IN RUSSIA. By Daniel Bell Leary. 127 pages. University of Buffalo.

The first test to be applied to any book that adventures a controversial field is the test of intellectual honesty. Must allowance be made for a special prejudice openly confessed? Or does the furtive misdirection of emphasis present a more difficult problem? It goes without saying that this inquiry has special importance in the case of any book dealing nearly or remotely with problems of the present in Russia. Tested then for sincerity, this monograph on Education and Aristocracy in Russia proves itself honest to a degree. In fact it exhibits that earnestness and sincerity which is characteristic of the common run of university theses—written for the most part by young people who are unconscious of their own special interests, and have not yet been set upon by the special interests of others.

But to say that the writer refrains from abusing his abundant material is not the same thing as saying that he uses it to best advantage. On the contrary it happens that in this particular case honesty of intent is coupled with inadequacy of method. It must be admitted that the author was faced with a problem of monumental proportions. In fact he dared to set himself the task of writing an institutional history the economic, social, and political background of which was practically unknown to his readers. From internal evidence, one may infer that to begin with he intended to treat the educational system practically without reference to its surroundings; that he discovered the absolute necessity of tying education up to something; and that the political history of the country was finally chosen as a connecting thread because it supplied a most convenient scheme for the chronological arrangement of the collected material. The result is a dreary narrative, running "from the origins to the Bolsheviks," which associates education with the autocracy—and the autocracy with nothing.

Naturally one should not lay upon this little book the requirements set for the history of a country. On the other hand it is safe to say that the growth of the "mir" or commune, the emancipation of serfs, the land problem, and the emergence of the industrial class have at least as much to do with the development of educational institutions in Russia as have the several wars and revolts which are here dealt with at the expense of a considerable number of pages. When all is said and done, this monograph, badly organized and badly written as it is, exhibits as its most serious fault a characteristic that is common not only to most histories of education but to education itself—the fault of remoteness from the life of the people. It is just this characteristic of detachment that the Russian social revolutionists have set themselves to eliminate from the educational system. It remains for other books than this to recount the success or failure of the enterprise.

MAIN CURRENTS OF SPANISH LITERATURE. By J. D. Ford. 284 pages. Holt.

CERVANTES. By Rudolph Schevill. 388 pages. Duffield.

These two books bear witness to the present absorbing interest in Spain's literary treasure. Dr. Ford deals largely with the entire field from the heroic tradition to the latest hate-inspired poems of the Spanish-American states. He traces happily the tales of El Cid and King Alfonso through epic and ballad, touches sympathetically upon lyric poetry, and gives to the golden years of the drama, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of the best analysis and criticism in the book. Lope, Calderon, and Corneille who took freely from the Spanish and bettered what he borrowed are all discussed briefly yet with a literary acumen which bears conviction. Now and then one feels the judgment a trifle dictatorial, but in the main Dr. Ford's decisiveness is an asset. With a vast field to cover, Dr. Ford must needs be brief, but he has fulfilled his avowed purpose of surveying the main currents of Spanish literature.

For Cervantes it is, naturally, more worth while to turn to Dr. Schevill's biography, in which almost four hundred pages are devoted to a scholarly consideration of the man and his work. Cervantes' pitiful poverty, his slavery and imprisonment, and his crippled left arm are insisted upon only to bring out more clearly the indomitable spirit of the man who transmuted his wisdom into a masterpiece of laughter. Dr. Schevill has used to the full the latest discoveries concerning Cervantes. In this respect his book is distinctly an addition to the list of biographies previously written. There is more detailed knowledge here and less brilliant conjecture than in Fitzmaurice-Kelley's classic on Spanish literature. Dr. Schevill realizes the worth of his jewel and has set it solidly if not brilliantly.

Fall Announcement List

The following is THE DIAL's selected list of the most notable fall issues and announcements in the fields indicated, exclusive of reprints, new editions, new translations, technical books, and works of reference. It is followed by a list of the season's most important books for children. A list of volumes on the theory and practice of education appeared in the Fall Education Number, September 20. These lists are compiled from data submitted by the publishers.

Fiction

Mary Olivier: *A Life*, by May Sinclair.—*Jinny the Carrier*, by Israel Zangwill.—*Storm in a Teacup*, by Eden Phillpotts.—*The Black Drop*, by Alice Brown.—*Living Alone*, by Stella Benson.—*Legend*, by Clemence Dane.—*Peace in Friendship Village*, by Zona Gale.—*The Chorus Girl and Other Stories*, and *The Bishop and Other Stories*, by Anton Chekhov. (Macmillan Co.)
The Moon and Sixpence, by W. Somerset Maugham.—*The Four Roads*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.—*Jeremy*, by Hugh Walpole.—*Sonia Married*, by Stephen McKenna.—*Captain Zillner*, by Rudolf Jeremias Kreutz.—*Heritage*, by V. Sackville-West.—*Pink Roses*, by Gilbert Cannan.—*The Young Visitors*, by Daisy Ashford. (George H. Doran Co.)
Iron City, by M. F. Hedges.—*The Taker*, by Daniel Carson Goodman.—*John Gregory*, by Harry Kemp.—*The Old Card*, by Roland Pertwee.—*Their Mutual Child*, by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse.—*Their Son and the Necklace*, by Eduardo Zamacois.—*The Judgment of Peace*, by Andreas Latzko. (Boni & Liveright.)
Colas Breugnot, by Romain Rolland.—*The Happy Years*, by Inez Haynes Irwin.—*The Old Madhouse*, by William de Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co.)
Tales of a Cruel Country, by Gerald Cumberland.—*Pax*, by Lorenzo Marrequin.—*Seldwyla Folks*, by Gottfried Keller.—*A Lithuanian Village*, by Leon Kobrin. (Brentano.)
The Builders, by Ellen Glasgow.—*Ramsey Milholland*, by Booth Tarkington.—*Sisters*, by Kathleen Norris.—*Waifs and Strays*, by O. Henry. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
A Servant of Reality, by Phyllis Bottomo.—*The Querrils*, by Stacy Aumonier.—*A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Century Co.)
The Happy End, and *Linda Condon*, by Joseph Hergesheimer.—*The Tunnel (Pilgrimage IV.)*, by Dorothy Richardson. (Alfred A. Knopf.)
Square Peggy, by Josephine Daskam Bacon.—*The Unde-feated*, by J. C. Snaith. (D. Appleton & Co.)
The Outbound Road, by Arnold Mulder.—*The Ground-Swell*, by Mary Hallock Foote. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Light (Clarté), by Henri Barbusse.—*Mare Nostrum (Our Sea)*, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Monsieur Bergeret in Paris, by Anatole France.—*A London Lot*, by A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane Co.)
The Fortune, by Douglas Goldring.—*A Landscape Painter*, by Henry James. (Scott & Seltzer, New York.)
Ecstasy, by Louis Couperus.—*Helena*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
Jurgen, by James Branch Cabell.—*The Republic of the Southern Cross*, by Valery Brussof.—*The New Decameron*, by Various Hands. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)
The Lamp in the Desert, by Ethel M. Dell.—*The Honorable Gentleman and Others*, by Achmed Abdullah. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Saul, by Corinne Lowe.—*The Bite of Benin*, by Robert Simpson. (James A. McCann, N. Y.)
The Face of the World, by Johan Bojer. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

From the Life, by Harvey O'Higgins. (Harper & Bros.)
John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People, by Alvin Johnson.—*Free Air*, by Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)
Yellowleaf, by Sacha Gregory. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)
The Great House, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
Canaan, by Graca Aranha.—*Brazilian Tales*, by Isaac Goldberg. (Four Seas Co., Boston.)
Short Stories from the Balkans, translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. (Marshall Jones Co., Boston.)

Books of Verse and About Verse

Reynard the Fox, or The Ghost Heath Run, by John Masefield.—*Pictures of the Floating World*, by Amy Lowell.—*The Golden Whales of California*, by Vachel Lindsay.—*Starved Rock*, by Edgar Lee Masters.—*Youth Riding*, by Mary Carolyn Davies. (Macmillan Co.)
The Ivory Tower, by Conrad Aiken.—*The Three Mulla Mulgars*, by Walter de la Mare.—*Poems: First Series*, by J. C. Squire.—*Body and Raiment*, by Eunice Tietjens. (Alfred A. Knopf.)
Poems, 1908-1919, by John Drinkwater.—*Coloured Stars. Versions of Fifty Asiatic Love Poems*, by Edward Powys Mathers.—*The Second Book of Modern Verse*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.—*An Anthology of Mother Verse*, with introduction by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Perpetual Light, by William Rose Benét.—*Blue Smoke*, by Karle Wilson Baker.—*The Tempering*, by Howard Swazey Buck.—*Forgotten Shrines*, by John Chipman Farrar. (Yale University Press.)
The Book of Modern British Verse, and Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)
The Cobbler in Willow Street and Other Poems, by George O'Neil.—*The Modern Book of English Verse*, edited by Richard Le Gallienne.—*The Modern Book of French Verse*, edited by Albert Boni. (Boni & Liveright.)
Poems, by Theodore Maynard.—*Haunts and Bypaths*, and *Other Poems*, by J. Thorne Smith.—*Poems*, by Cecil Roberts. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)
The House of Dust, by Conrad Aiken.—*Japanese Hokkus*, by Yone Noguchi. (Four Seas Co., Boston.)
The Solitary, by James Oppenheim. (B. W. Huebach.)
Dust and Light, by John Hall Wheelock. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
Shining Fields and Dark Towers, by John Bunker. (John Lane Co.)
Kostas Palamas: A New World Poet, translated by Aristides E. Phourides. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge.)
Modern American Poetry, by Louis Untermeyer. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)
Soldier Poets II. (Brentano.)

Drama and the Stage

A History of the Theatre in America, by Arthur Hornblow. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)
Our Playwrights of Today, Vol. IV., by Heywood Brown and Ruth Hale. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)
The Principles of Playmaking, by Brander Matthews. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
The Theatre Through Its Stage Door, by David Belasco. (Harper & Bros.)
Essays on Modern Dramatists, by William Lyon Phelps. (Macmillan Co.)
The Fight for Freedom, by Douglas Goldring.—*The Silver Age, and Other Dramatic Memories*, by Temple Scott. (Scott & Seltzer, New York.)

The Soothsayer, and The Birth of God, by Verner von Heidenstam.—The Death of Titian, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal.—Ten Japanese Noh Plays, by Yone Noguchi.—What is the Noh? by Katherine Dupont. (Four Seas Co., Boston.)

The Technique of the One Act Play, by B. Rowland Lewis.—The Path of the Modern Russian Stage, by Alexander Bakshy. (John W. Luce & Co., Boston.)

Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War, by G. Bernard Shaw. (Brentano.)

Plays: Second Series, by Jacinto Benavente. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Hand of the Potter, by Theodore Dreiser.—The Craft of the Tortoise, by Algernon Tassin. (Boni & Liveright.)

The Army with Banners, by Charles Rann Kennedy.—Ten Plays, by David Pinski. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Tête-d'Or, by Paul Claudel. (Yale University Press.)

Dr. Jonathan, by Winston Churchill. (Macmillan Co.)

South American Plays, by Edward Hale Bierstadt. (Duffield & Co.)

Snow, by Stanislaw Przybyszewski. (Nicholas L. Brown, N. Y.)

Essays and General Literature

The Philosophy of Conflict and Other War-Time Essays, by Havelock Ellis.—With the Wits, by Paul Elmer More.—The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760, by Myra Reynolds.—As Others See Her, by Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, by Edmund Gosse.—Addresses in America: 1919, by John Galsworthy.—Modes and Morals, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould.—Old and New Masters, by Robert Lynd. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Books in General, by Solomon Eagle.—Prejudices, by H. L. Mencken.—Were You Ever a Child? by Floyd Dell.—Modern English Writers, by Harold Williams. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Literary Culture in Early New England, by Thomas Goddard Wright.—Chimney-Pot Papers, by Charles S. Brooks.—Yale Talks, by Charles Reynolds Brown. (Yale University Press.)

Satire in the Victorian Novel, by Frances Theresa Russell.—The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma: The Heritage of Henry Adams. (Macmillan Co.)

The Heart's Domain, by Georges Duhamel.—Paris Vistas, by Helen Davenport Gibbons. (Century Co.)

Studies in the Elizabethan Drama, by Arthur Symons.—General Sketch of European Literature in the Centuries of Romance, by Laurie Magnus.—Tradition and Change, by Arthur Waugh. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Confessions, by Arthur Symons. (Four Seas Co., Boston.)

Instigations, by Ezra Pound.—Hey-Rub-A-Dub-Dub, by Theodore Dreiser.—Our America, by Waldo Frank. (Boni & Liveright.)

Peeps at People, and Broome Street Straws, by Robert Cortes Holliday. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

Books and Things, by Philip Littell. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

Mountain Paths, by Maurice Maeterlinck.—The Art of the Novelist, by Henry Burrowes Lathrop. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Irish Impressions, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (John Lane Co.)

Untimely Papers, by Randolph Bourne. (B. W. Huebsch.)

From a Southern Porch, by Dorothy Scarborough. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

French Ways and Their Meaning, by Edith Wharton. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Coming of Cuculain, In the Gates of the North, The Triumph and Passing of Cuculain, by Standish O'Grady. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Main Currents of Spanish Literature, by J. D. M. Ford. (Henry Holt & Co.)

A Guide to Russian Literature, by Moissaye J. Olgin. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

Hispano-American Studies, by Isaac Goldberg. (Brentano.)

Tory Criticism in the Quarterly Review, 1809-1853, by Walter J. Graham. (Columbia University Press.)

Why Authors Go Wrong, by Grant M. Overton. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Travel and Description

In Morocco, by Edith Wharton.—China of the Chinese, by E. T. Chalmers Werner.—Through Central Borneo, by Carl Lumboltz.—A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast, by Hudson Stuck.—The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon, by Charles Sheldon. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

White Shadows in the South Seas, by Frederick O'Brien.—Out of the Ruins, by George B. Ford.—A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America, by Comtesse Madeleine de Bryas and Mlle. Jacqueline de Bryas. (Century Co.)

The Friendly Arctic: The Story of Five Years in Polar Regions, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson.—Crossing the South Pole, by Sir Ernest Shackleton. (Macmillan Co.)

On the Ohio, by H. Bennett Abdy.—The Great South Land: The River Platte and Southern Brazil of Today, by W. H. Koebel.—The Ruined Cities of Northern Africa, by Ragnar Sturzenbecker. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Unknown London, by W. C. Bell.—Unconducted Wanderers, by Rosita Forbes. (John Lane Co.)

The Amazing City, by John F. Macdonald.—Gardens of Celebrities and Celebrated Gardens, by Jessie Macgregor. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

Siberia Today, by Captain Frederick F. Moore. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The Story of the Paris Churches, by Jetta S. Wolff. (Brentano.)

Wanderings in Italy, by Gabriel Faure. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Bolshevik Russia, by Etienne Antonelli. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

New Rivers of the North, by Hulbert Footner.—The Land of Tomorrow, by William B. Stephenson, Jr. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

Holland of Today, by George Wharton Edwards. (Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.)

Biography and Reminiscence

The Years of the Shadow, by Katharine Tynan.—Theodore Roosevelt, by William Roscoe Thayer.—Vestigia. Records of an Active Life, by Lieut. Colonel Charles a Court Repington.—A Labrador Doctor. Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D.—Canon Barnett: His Life, Work, and Friends, by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.—A Golden Age of Authors, by William Webster Ellsworth.—The Life of Arthur Hugh Clough, by James I. Osbourne.—My Generation: An Autobiographical Interpretation, by William Jewett Tucker.—The Correspondence of Nicholas Biddle, edited by Reginald C. McGrane.—Life of Dante Alighieri, by Charles Allen Dinsmore. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Letters of Henry James.—Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children.—Steeplejack, by James Huneker.—Foch: The Winner of the War, by Captain Raymond Recouly (Captain X).—Stephen A. Douglas, by Louis Howland.—Robert E. Lee, by Douglas Southall Freeman.—Memories of George Meredith, O.M., by Lady Butler. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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A List of Books for Children

Since this year the bookdealers are observing the week November 10-15 as Children's Week, THE DIAL prints its annual selection of juveniles in this issue rather than with its general holiday list, which will appear in the issue of November 29. The following titles are those of books of especial merit, published since last Christmas or announced for publication this season, exclusive of reprints and new editions. The list must be regarded as suggestive, not as final. The references between brackets are to issue and page of notices in THE DIAL.

- Ancient Man.** By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Illustrated in color, with animated maps. Boni & Liveright.
- The City Curious.** By Jean de Bosschère, retold in English by F. Tennyson Jesse. Illustrated in color and black-and-white by Jean de Bosschère. Small, 4to. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- The Children's Homer: The Adventures of Odysseus and The Tale of Troy.** By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. 254 pages. Macmillan Co.
- Cinderella.** Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.
- The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes.** By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by D. S. Walker. 12mo. Macmillan Co.
- Tales from the Secret Kingdom.** By Ethel M. Gate. Illustrated. 93 pages. Yale University Press.
- The Children's Fairy-Land.** Translated and adapted from The Fairy Tales of the Countess d'Aulney. Illustrated. 189 pages. Henry Holt & Co.
- Tales of Folk and Fairies.** Written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle. 288 pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
- Danish Fairy Tales.** By Svendt Grundtvig. Translated by J. Grant Cramer. 123 pages. Four Seas Company, Boston.
- Belgian Fairy Tales.** By William Elliot Griffis. * Illustrated. 252 pages. Crowell Publishing Co.
- Czechoslovak Fairy Tales.** Retold by Parker Fillmore. Illustrated by Jan Matulka. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
- David Blaine and the Blue Door.** By E. F. Benson. Illustrated. 217 pages. George H. Doran Co.
- Takings for Takings.** By Susan Hale. Illustrated. Marshall Jones Co., Boston.
- Nonsense Book: A Collection of Limericks.** By Susan Hale. Illustrated. Marshall Jones Co., Boston.
- A Little Freckled Person.** By Mary Carolyn Davies. Illustrated. 104 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- For Days and Days.** By Annette Wynne. Illustrated. 276 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- The Burgess Bird Book for Children.** By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated. 351 pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
- The Children's Life of the Bee.** Selected and arranged from Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee* by Alfred Sutro and Herschel Williams. Illustrated in color by Edward J. Detmold. 8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Field, Forest and Farm.** By Jean-Henri Fabre. Translated from the French by Florence Constable Bicknell. Illustrated. 353 pages. Century Co. [Oct. 4:326]
- Lad: A Dog.** By Albert Payson Terhune. Illustrated. 349 pages. E. F. Dutton & Co. [June 28:657]
- Jim: The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. 216 pages. Macmillan Co. [June 28:659]
- The Grizzly.** By Enos A. Mills. Illustrated. 289 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. [July 12:38]
- The Story of Our Merchant Marine.** By Willis J. Abbot. Illustrated. 373 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. [Oct. 4:324]
- Northward Ho! The Last Voyage of the Karluk.** By Captain R. A. Bartlett and Ralph T. Hale. Illustrated. 8vo. Small, Maynard & Co.
- Story-Lives of Men of Science.** By F. J. Rowbotham. Illustrated. 8vo. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Rebels and Reformers.** By Arthur and Dorothea Ponsonby. Henry Holt & Co.
- Abraham Lincoln.** By Brand Whitlock. Illustrated. 12mo. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Books of the Fortnight

Colas Breugnot, by Romain Rolland (302 pages; Holt), is the long Rabelaisian soliloquy of an honest Burgundian, a wood-carver by trade, a hearty eater, a long drinker, a stout fighter, a devout skeptic, and a lover whose restrained tenderness lost him his first sweetheart and threw him into the hands of an acerbic woman whom he married in order to escape. There is a seventeenth century richness and profusion in the tale that reminds one of the sort of carving Colas must have turned his hand to.

Light, by Henri Barbusse (309 pages; Dutton), is reviewed on page 435.

The Call of the Soil ("L'Appel du Sol"—Prix Goncourt, 1916), by Adrien Bertrand, translated by J. Lewis May (227 pages; Lane), is reviewed on page 449.

Jeremy, by Hugh Walpole (304 pages; Doran), is reviewed on page 448.

Sonia Married, by Stephen McKenna (370 pages; Doran), is reviewed on page 450.

Pink Roses, by Gilbert Cannan (335 pages; Doran), is reviewed on page 449.

Brute Gods, by Louis Wilkinson (335 pages; Knopf), is another of the author's brilliant sorties in the realm of sardonic wit. This time the sex-snobbery of English middle-class domestic life offers the target. Against the lecherous self-righteousness of middle age are set the vivid emotions of adolescent awakening. Sophisticated readers take notice!

Consequences, by E. M. Delafield (350 pages; Knopf), might best be described as the inevitable consequence of the author's overrefinement of analytic introspection. This story will give nothing new to readers of Zella Sees Herself. It is virtually Zella reincarnated. Miss Delafield's earlier novels were reviewed by Katharine Anthony in THE DIAL for March 8.

Mrs. Marden, by Robert Hichens (325 pages; Doran), forsakes the romantic field for the psychological in order to depict a woman's reactions from a war bereavement, first by resorting to the solace of spiritualism, and finally by an inner self-mastery. A restrained piece of writing, with a genuine grip on its materials.

Two Men, by Alfred Ollivant (314 pages; Doubleday, Page). Two classes of society in one family, two brothers with antagonistic inheritances, and one woman barred from every class—these in an English coast town make an interesting character novel. The hero's marriage settles only one of the problems: the sequel is said to be forthcoming.

The Siamese Cat, by Henry Milner Rideout (223 pages; Duffield), is a reissue of the mystery yarn which in 1907 startled us with its evidence that in the leisurely Orient the author of *Admiral's Light* and *Wild Justice* had somehow contracted a quite Western speed mania—from which he has never fully recovered.

Transplanted, by Gertrude Atherton (339 pages; Dodd, Mead), is a reissue of one of Mrs. Atherton's earlier novels, published some years ago under the title of *American Wives and English Husbands*.

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The Outbound Road, by Arnold Mulder (302 pages; Houghton Mifflin), is a finely conceived novel, developed with a rare disregard of conventional modes of setting forth a story, and yet it stops short of achievement. The materials are there, together with a basic idea to give it form, but a pervading stiffness, a style that is fragmentary and inarticulate, interposes. If the author can conquer his medium, he will be on the road to recognition.

The Ground-Swell, by Mary Hallock Foote (283 pages; Houghton Mifflin), holds the interest because of the refreshing quality of the author's human sympathies. The story, told by a retired army officer's wife, is of a quest for some Eden in which they may spend their declining years. Their plans for earthly paradise are interrupted by the careers of their daughters and by a most charming Adam.

The Great Desire, by Alexander Black (396 pages; Harper), tells the old story of a young man's quest. The spirited humor and deft characterization give the tale a freshness which makes it first-rate light reading.

A Damsel in Distress, by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse (302 pages; Doran), is a highly amusing farce with effective entrances, rapid dialogue, and well inflated jokes; but the setting, despite English titles and castles, is really the Broadway stage.

Believe You Me! by Nina Wilcox Putnam (300 pages; Doran), contains some amusing foolery, slangy and pert, but the current of action is not brisk enough, nor the undercurrent of authentic characterization deep enough, to float the reader's interest to the end. It needs to be read in snatches.

The Invader's Son, by William Antony Kennedy (387 pages; Sully), indulges in cheerful prophecy, both racial and international. Its theme is that out of the lusts of war will come the seeds of a true internationalism, and to sustain the thesis, the novelist trudges calmly into absurdity.

The Box With the Broken Seals, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (300 pages; Little, Brown, Boston), puts its author one notch nearer fifty in "novel" making, and testifies to an adroit technique not permitted to gather rust. The present tale, woven of war mystery and international intrigue, unfolds with pace and assurance.

The Great House, by Stanley J. Weyman (398 pages; Longmans, Green), presents a superficial picture of English life in the middle forces. The usual estate in dispute, and the usual documents that disappear and are discovered, keep the story in momentum.

The Green Pea Pirates, by Peter B. Kyne (308 pages; Doubleday, Page), fosters the threadbare but harmless illusion that all sea-going men are natural conversationalists and humorists, looking upon life as a philosophic lark. In this instance, the sparkle is unevenly maintained.

Blue China, by B. M. Croker (286 pages; Brentano), is the story of what happened to an English collector of porcelains, its plot embellished with meager invention, and its style embellished by such disregard of literary entente as: "She had excellent taste, and exercised it *con amore*; within a week the complete outfit was well *en train*."

Station X, by G. McLeod Winsor (317 pages; Lippincott, Philadelphia), snatches the burning brand of the planetary plot from Wells—and extinguishes it. The author throws a dull wrench into his own elaborate machinery; the reader retains no more than an academic interest in the literary sabotage.

Short Stories from the Balkans, translated by Edna Worthley Underwood (246 pages; Marshall Jones, Boston), are timely, affording significant glimpses of contemporary Czech, Rumanian, Serbian, Croatian, and Hungarian literature. Some of the tales have considerable color and intensity; the translator has accomplished her task creditably.

Life Can Never Be the Same, by W. B. Maxwell (309 pages; Bobbs-Merrill), is a collection of sketches and short stories, chiefly in the manner of episodic transcriptions of life away from the war front. They are well conceived, and effective within their range. Mr. Maxwell establishes a tone; plot is merely casual in these pieces.

The Happy Years, by Inez Haynes Irwin (310 pages; Holt), in which the Phoebe and Ernest of Mrs. Irwin's earlier stories have reached the middle thirties, deal with children, a "camp," Christmas, the marsh district, more children, and two wise grandparents. The plots respond a little too miraculously to the pressed button, but the results are always enjoyable.

Waifs and Strays, by "O. Henry" (305 pages; Doubleday, Page), snares for the library shelf a dozen fugitive studies by the late Sydney Porter, and fills the latter half of the volume with comment by various hands and an O. Henry Index. A book for fans only.

The Red Mark, by John Russell (397 pages; Knopf), is a group of horror tales of the Orient, of a French penal colony, of islands unknown even to globe-trotters, handled skillfully and with admirable restraint.

The Honourable Gentleman And Others, by Achmed Abdullah (262 pages; Putnam), a series of tales of New York's Chinese quarter, are told in a stilted style that overloads the adjective with all the burden of conveying atmosphere. The author lacks entirely the deft touch and keen insight of the Burke of Limehouse Nights.

Potash and Perlmutter Settle Things, by Montague Glass (259 pages; Harper), is one of the few books about the Peace Conference which regards the Conference as a peg, and not as a chip. Although "the king business ain't the garment business," there is sound wit in the reactions of these comic figures.

Body and Raiment, by Eunice Tietjens (83 pages; Knopf), is reviewed on page 451.

Second Poems, by Edwin Curran (26 pages; published by the author, Zanesville, Ohio). Mr. Curran's First Poems, issued last year, were reviewed by Louis Untermeyer in THE DIAL for February 14, 1918. Early out of print, they have just been republished (55 pages; Four Seas Co., Boston). In the midst of much that is crude, halt, and banal they contain many passages of robust originality and striking imagery. The vigor and magic are so much more infrequent in Second Poems, and so briefly sustained, as to suggest that these may be "seconds" indeed, not later pieces. In either case they reveal no gain in craftsmanship. They are worth reading once for the thrill of an occasional flashing figure and the delight of sudden, unpremeditated

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ed music. Meanwhile the First Poems will reward frequent rereading, both for their intrinsic merit and for their rich promise, which a volume of Third Poems may at any time fulfill.

Hearts Awake, by Amelia Josephine Burr (155 pages; Doran), is as complacent, wholesome, and monotonous as Miss Burr's verse usually is. A few lyric passages in the rhymed play *The Pixy* are enticing, but the war poems are in bulk banal and sentimental; and the love songs, chiefly of repression and renunciation, have scant grace and no fire.

The Harvest Home, by James B. Kenyon (409 pages; James T. White & Co., New York), is a garrulous Rip Van Winkle astray from an earlier generation. The sins of a too-facile pen, imitation, and thin-spun emotion overbalance a certain grace and delicacy in these nature, amatory, and religious verses.

Merchants of the Morning, by Samuel McCoy (74 pages; Doran), belongs to the "lambent" lodge of the "fain" degree of the "didst do" fraternity in verse. Its most readable lines are twice removed from poetry—once by Alfred Noyes, and again from Alfred Noyes.

Turmoil: Verses Written in France, 1917-1919, by Robert A. Donaldson (75 pages; Houghton Mifflin), contains some interesting war pictures, but little poetry. A curiously inevitable prose dogs all but the imagist verses, which are the best of the collection.

A Book of Princeton Verse II: 1919 (179 pages; Princeton University Press), is reviewed on page 450.

The Second Pagan Anthology: Containing Poems that Have Appeared in *The Pagan Magazine* (88 pages; Pagan Publishing Co., New York), really contains a series of insults to the first. George O'Neil, whose poem *Rendervous* is one of the few exceptions, is twice unfortunate—in his inclusion here, and in his being too late for inclusion in an anthology distinguished by the work of Maxwell Bodenheim and Orrick Johns. Pagans, if they can invoke the Muse no more confidently than other folk, should at least be able to detect her most meretricious pretenders.

Tête-D'Or, by Paul Claudel, translated from the French by John Strong Newberry (178 pages; Yale University Press), is now added to the uniform edition of the poet. Lewis Galantiere's *The Poetic Drama* of Paul Claudel, in *THE DIAL* for June 20, 1918, commented on *Tête-D'Or*, which will be reviewed later.

The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero, edited with a general introduction and a critical preface to each play by Clayton Hamilton, Vol. III: *Letty; His House in Order* (449 pages; Dutton), brings this Authorized Library Edition down to Mid-Channel and *The Thunderbolt*, which will fill the final volume. Since few writings fall into obscurity so quickly as plays that have left the boards, it is well to have this definitive edition of a playwright whose contribution, if overestimated yesterday, is today in danger of being underestimated. One must regret however that Sir Arthur is less fortunate in his editor than he has been in his players.

Dr. Jonathan: A Play in Three Acts, by Winston Churchill (159 pages; Macmillan), is reviewed on page 450.

The Silver Age and Other Dramatic Memories, by Temple Scott (216 pages; Scott & Seltzer), is reviewed on page 451.

The Philosophy of Conflict, And Other Essays in War-time, by Havelock Ellis (299 pages; Houghton Mifflin), is the work of one of the finest, keenest, clearest, and most humane minds in Europe. The major part of the book deals with the war—with its place in history, with its relation to other human institutions, with its effect upon European civilization. The last section contains a discussion of various aspects of the sex problem, ranging from Eugenics in Relation to the War to the Politics of Women—a field where Mr. Ellis speaks with authority. The interspersed essays on Herbert Spencer, Elie Faure, Rodó, and others are a distinguished contribution to humanist criticism.

The Anatomy of Society, by Gilbert Cannan (216 pages; Dutton), continues the social criticism which the author initiated in his little work *Freedom*. This is the sort of coherent essay, somewhat more generalized in content, that the late Randolph Bourne developed so successfully for us in America.

Walled Towns, by Ralph Adams Cram (105 pages; Marshall Jones, Boston), is an attempt to "find some hints of the saving alternative" to the deadly impasse in Western civilization which Mr. Cram discovered in his previous books—*The Nemesis of Mediocrity*, *The Great Thousand Years*, and *The Sins of the Fathers*—all of which were reviewed in *THE DIAL* for September 20. In spite of the author's disclaimer, *Walled Towns* is a sketch of that little Utopia in the back of his mind which he would fain put in the foreground of society.

The Free City, by Bouck White (314 pages; Moffat Yard), is a pre-sociological, exhortatory essay on municipalism. Mr. White's method of exciting us to leave our admittedly conglomerate and over-centralized civilization is to take the mottled past of Greek, Roman, and Medieval cities and to picture the sunlight of these eras without their definitive shadows. The author concentrates all the virtues and beatitudes into the idea of municipality, without perceiving that, historically, a good part of the vices, crimes, and depressions also adhere to it. The New Jerusalem is not a remedy, for all of Mr. White's enthusiasm: it is the state of health which would follow the abatement of that disease for whose remedy we still grope.

Were You Ever a Child? by Floyd Dell (202 pages; Knopf), introduces a series of comments and dialogues on education which first appeared in the *Liberator*. Book-magic, caste, and regimentation are the huts of Mr. Dell's attack: play and art and freedom and the untrammelled exercise of idle curiosity are the goods which he seeks to establish. The author's studied audacity and his pleasing conversational prose should be sufficiently stimulating to awaken reflection in the minds of those who have never been forced by experience to examine the debris of what has been called an education.

Ibsen in England, by Miriam Alice Franc (195 pages; Four Seas, Boston), brings back a period which is best recalled by the now stale audacities of *The Philanderer*. Miss Franc makes it plain that Ibsen was well-nigh as great a victim of his translators—one of whom interpreted him in terms of Karma—as of his detractors. The author's criticism is secondary to her documentation.

Literature With a Large L, by Macgregor Jenkins (110 pages; Houghton Mifflin), is a net dipped into shallow pools: the writer catches only the minnows of thought. Mr. Jenkins rises to defend the aimless reader, and the aimless reader doubtless will agree with everything he says.

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The Perfect Gentleman, by Ralph Bergengren (134 pages; Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston), turns a humorous plow into familiar furrows, shedding ephemeral freshness on such eternal themes as lying in bed, shaving, dressing, and visiting the barber. In the fashioning of essays, Mr. Bergengren strives for the droll rather than the durable.

The American Front, by Captain Ernest Peixotto (230 pages; Scribner), is the first-hand war narrative of an officer whose business it was to record for the War Department the visual aspects of the American operations in France. The pictures, like the text, have an air of quiet and studious detachment.

Old New England Doorways, by Albert G. Robinson (21 pages; 67 plates; Scribner), prefates an exquisite set of photographs, taken all through New England, with an interesting note upon the character, genesis, and distribution of these typical examples of a more or less indigenous colonial art.

American Painting and Its Tradition, by John C. Van Dyke (270 pages; Scribner), makes one realize the weakness of an American heritage which can include the banalities of Alexander and leave out the poignant romanticism of Albert Pinkham Ryder. The book is amply illustrated, and in some of the older works the black-and-white of the reproduction is superior to the mud-and-moss of the original.

A Labrador Doctor, by Wilfred Thomason Grenfell (441 pages; Houghton Mifflin), permits a figure of wide and admirable notoriety to tell the story of his life from the first youthful roamings across the sands of Dee to his adventurous ministrations, as medical missionary, along the bleaker coast of Labrador.

Canon Barnett: His Life, Work, and Friends, by His Wife (2 Vols., 717 pages; Houghton Mifflin), furnishes interesting, albeit unevenly illuminating, sidelights upon the founder of the settlement movement, the first warden of Toynbee Hall.

Four Americans: Roosevelt, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whitman, by Henry A. Beers (90 pages; Yale University Press), does scant justice to every member of the galaxy except the late ex-president. Mr. Beers' lack of political sympathy with Roosevelt increases the competence of his estimate of the man; and in an atmosphere made hideous by the raucous tribal ecstasies of memorial committees it strikes a welcome, temperate note. The Wordlet about Whitman might well have gone unwhispered.

Lenin: The Man and His Work, by Albert Rhys Williams (202 pages; Scott & Seltzer, New York), is announced as "the first authentic biography" of the man who has the distinction of being the most widely cursed—and blessed—person now alive. The chapters by Mr. Williams are supplemented by impressions set down by Raymond Robins and Arthur Ransome.

The Russian Pendulum, by Arthur Bullard (256 pages; Macmillan), is the "report" of Mr. Creel's chief representative in Russia and Siberia. Needless to say, extremist styles in revolution are offensive to the author's taste.

The Bullitt Mission to Russia, (151 pages; Huebsch), reprints Mr. Bullitt's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—the "tissue of lies" for which Lloyd-George's new flirtations with the Bolsh-

viki threaten to substitute a less substantial gossamer of truth.

The Political Future of India, by Lajpat Rai (237 pages; Huebsch), was written when self-determination was a word to conjure with. As a means of removing the white man's burden from the brown man's shoulders, the author suggests nothing more radical than Home Rule for India.

Law and the Family, by Robert Grant (264 pages; Scribner), treats of domestic relations, and marriage and divorce, and feminism, and women and property with the air of genial sympathy and resolute enlightenment that one might expect from a Probate Judge in a court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and Paul, by Ignatius Singer (347 pages; Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago), finds as the result of an untheological examination of the New Testament that when specious interpretations are set aside the Christ of the Gospels becomes a natural philosopher, leading a revolution which "was never anything but temporal and social," while Paul proves to be a dialectical humbug whose otherworldliness, glorification of mastership, and disclaimer of immediate responsibilities effected a perversion of Christianity.

A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research, by A. T. Robertson (1454 pages; Doran), is the third and definitive edition of this standard work of reference.

The Loeb Classical Library: 92. Clement of Alexandria (Exhortation to the Greeks, The Rich Man's Salvation, and To the Newly Baptized), translated by G. W. Butterworth; 99. Plutarch's Lives, Vol. VII (Demosthenes and Cicero, Alexander and Caesar), translated by Bernadette Perrin; 104. Homer's Odyssey, Vol. I, translated by A. T. Murray; 106. The Speeches of Aeschines (Against Timarchus, On the Embassy, Against Ctesiphon), translated by Charles Darwin Adams; 107. Procopius, Vol. III (History of the Wars, Books V and VI), translated by H. B. Dewing. Additional issues in this comprehensive and authoritative series of ancient texts with translations on facing pages.

The American Jewish Year Book (September 25, 1919 to September 12, 1920), edited by Harry Schneiderman (894 pages; Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia), devotes itself largely to the participation of the Jews in the Great War. The usual directory of organizations is appended to the summary of events.

A Handbook of American Private Schools: An Annual Survey (761 pages; Porter E. Sargent, Boston), presents a wide conspectus of the educational situation and nineteen pages of educational bibliography, in addition to an exhaustive directory of private schools, courses, and equipments.

Contributors

Eugene M. Kayden, who studied economics and literature at Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia, was formerly an instructor of economics in the University of Colorado. He translated Andreyev's *King Hunger* for Poet Lore in 1911 and has written on Russian literature for various periodicals.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for THE DIAL.

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